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S P A I N A N D E R I N .

BY

EDWARD MATURIN,

AUTHOR OF "MONTEZUMA," "EVA," ETC., ETC.



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TO
MISS HAINES,
TWENTIETH STREET,
NEW YORK.

MADAM,

RECEIVE my thanks for your acceptance of the following pages. Their demerits may, in the eyes of our common friends, be atoned by the privilege of your name; which, though it guarantee not the excellence of the work, affords yet ample testimony to the kindness of your heart.

I have the honor to be,

Madam,

Your obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

New York, Oct., 1850.

TO THE READER.

I HAVE nothing to say in the shape of Preface ; nor, had I, do I think the Public would trouble itself therewith. They are generally masses of egotism, or meant as palliatives for faults, were better left to the ingenuity of the Reader, a function he is seldom slow in exercising. For the former I have no personalities to communicate, and for the latter, I am as unwilling to deprecate censure, if deserved, as to solicit unmerited praise.

It may serve to propitiate Critics, *soi disant* and otherwise, to inform them that the majority of the volume has undergone what may be termed the *cobweb-prolation* of Horace, the glorious *Novennium* of shelf and silence.

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SPANISH BALLADS.

THE DESTRUCTION OF NUMANTIA.

[The Spanish Chronicler says : "The invasion of the French is so fresh in the memory, that it is sufficient to say, the inhabitants of Zaragossa imitated the desperate example of Numantia against Scipio."

Mouti, in his tragedy of Caio Gracco, alludes thus to Scipio, and the bitter extremities of want and suffering experienced by the Numantians : "Rememb'rest thou not the fell work of the destroyer (Scipio), and the famine of Numantia, which blackened and cursed our name throughout the world?"]

WITH haughty Rome's unconquered band, that ne'er
knew flight or fear,
To desolate Iberia's land with fire, and sword, and spear,
The conqueror of Carthage goes, in Afric's field re-
nowned,
To win for Rome, Numantia, or raze her to the ground.

No sooner, then, his warrior-men, with sword and
buckler bright,
In war-array, at break of day, in glittering armor dight,
Were marshalled on the grassy plain by Darro's golden
water,*
Than Scipio thus aroused his men to deeds of blood
and slaughter :

“Soldiers ! the banners that ye bear are emblems of the
Day ;
Rome's haughty eagle flies where'er is felt its genial
ray—
May the shouts of Roman triumph sustain her as she
flies,
To make her bright pavilion in the depths of yonder
skies !

“Remember, that to-day ye fight to gain a brighter
name
Than e'er was set by Glory yet upon the scroll of
Fame !
Remember, that the deeds of war shall live to future
years ;

* This river (an abbreviation of the Spanish *DE ORO*) derives its name from the tradition that its sands were golden.

The victor ! the triumphal car ! the captive chained in
tears !”

Nor heard these men their leader, then, impatient for
the fray ;

For eager cries did rend the skies, and cleave the vault
of day :

“To arms ! to arms !” from left to right, from right to
left, they cry—

The spear upon the shield they smite, and raise their
banners high.

The Numantine in serried line, as he looks from his
guarded tower,

And sees advance with targe and lance the might of
Roman power,

Resolves to make the tented field the proud Numan-
tian’s grave,

Ere Spain to Roman sword should yield, or crouch as
Roman slave !

No bread they have for famished life within those
’leaguered walls ;

She bares her breast, the fearless wife, and ’fore her
husband falls ;

She quails not at the naked knife, and with her babe,
she prays—

Death from the arm which guarded her from wrong in
other days.

They build a blazing fire, the while, and in their
strong despair,

Resolve to make that flame the pile of all that's rich
and fair ;

In low, but sternest voice they cry, that pale but iron
band :

"THAT day shall rather see them die, than Spain a
conquered land !"

Th' exulting Romans, heedless then of what was done
or said

Amid that ghastly troop of men, resolved, and un-
dismayed :

"To arms ! to arms !" from left to right, from right to
left, they cry ;

The spear upon the shield they smite, and raise their
banners high.

RODERICK AFTER THE BATTLE.

THE painted bird forgets his lay, and folds his wings in
rest,
Faded the amber light of day, and gloom is in the
West;
The earth in solemn silence hears the murmur of the
wave,
As its watery tribute on it bears, to make the sea its
grave.

Dimly shines the evening star, like the fair bride of
night,
Sailing in her pearly car o'er waves of misty light;
And scarce, I ween, the moon is seen through rack and
drifting cloud,
For the storm hath wrapped the midnight sky in a pale
and dismal shroud.

And who is he, o'er mount and vale, who wends his
weary way—
Worn his weeds, his cheek is pale, and hair in dis-
array?

Rodrigo, from the bloody plain of Jerez takes his flight,
To shun the heaps of his thousands slain—for a King a
sorry sight !

And he hath ta'en a sad disguise on that drear and
lonely way—

Weeds that a Palmer would not prize, so torn and bare
are they ;

No jewelled crown upon his head—no sceptre doth he
hold ;

But poor and tattered robes instead of purple and of
gold.

What soldier now could recognise the King he once
adored ?

Oh ! who could think that tattered guise concealed a
kingly sword ?

Where are the glittering gems that shone in victory's
bright day—

Gems that the Goths themselves had won from foes as
strong as they ?

Many a dint his armor bears, and many a crimson
stain

Upon its polished face appears—the blood of Moorish
slain ;

With blood and dust his face was smeared—his head in
thought was bent ;
The triumph of that luckless day was the reed on which
he leant !

Through vale and plain, with slackened rein, Orelia bears
him on ;
His courser true, that weary day, master and steed
alone !
With weary limb and lightless eye, with faint and
drooping head,
Orelia trod the midnight-way, unknowing where it led.

Sad images the horseman's eye at every step assail,
Anon he hears the Moorish cry, anon the Christian wail ;
He dares not look to Heaven, for there God speaks in
every tone ;
He dares not look to earth—alas ! that earth is not his
own !

That land is now another's—and he has nor crown
nor throne ;
He throws with pride the tear aside, and stifles every
groan.
“ Wo ! wo betide the hour,” he cried, “ I first felt
passion's fires—
Wo worth the day I fell a prey to love's accurst desires !

“ ’Twas not the part of Gothic King his people to
bewray
For the deadly wile of woman’s smile, or her eyes’
deceitful ray.
Where is my kingdom’s glory gone, and where my
people’s trust?
Where are my sceptre and my throne? All trampled
to the dust!

“ And Cava!—thou fair enemy; thou Helena of Spain!
Oh would to God that I were blind ere I had worn thy
chain;
But in thy beauty slept the fire the flint within it bears;
Our luckless passion now, alas! can scarce be quenched
by tears.

“ Would, Julian, that thy dagger’s point—foul traitor
that thou art!—
Had found its way through harness-joint, and pierced my
very heart!
The swarthy hordes of Afric’s land o’erspread our hills
and plains—
I would the fragment of this brand could rend thy
traitor’s veins!”

He bowed his head upon his breast—his words were low
and faint—

His lips in agony were prest to the image of his saint ;*
The weary steed to earth fell dead ! The knight full
sore he weeps—

Upon the sword he makes his bed, and vigil sad he
keeps.

And ever from his lips there fell a prayer for conquered
Spain,

That God would smite the Infidel, and break his
country's chain ;

And oft amid the ling'ring night he'd gaze upon his
steed,

Dream o'er again the Moorish fight, and Orelia's arrowy
speed.

* The Goths were Christians.—*Vide Sismondi's " Histoire du Midi."*

LAMENT OF RODERICK IN THE GARDEN.

AMID the garden's clust'ring beds, where rose and lily
pale
Shroud, tremblingly, their dewy heads, 'neath ev'ning's
dusky veil,
The throneless King Rodrigo strays, while thought with
magic wand
Conjures bright dreams of other days, when the Goth
ruled o'er the land.

The sparkle of the fountain bright falls darkly on his
eye;
The murmur of its meteor-flight, on his heart sank
heavily;
The rose hath lost her damask hue—all withered is her
leaf;
And the lily, 'tis the emblem true, of Rod'rick's pallid
grief.

Bright hues, in clusters, 'round were spread to glad the
gazer's eye;
Nature's bright hand around had shed a flowered
galaxy;

But evening waved her shadowy wand o'er every
 flow'ret's breast,
And lulled, as by a mother's hand, they closed their
 leaves in rest.

His hurried step betrayed the thought, repentance'
 keenest pang ;
In solitude, the Goth had sought to blunt her poisoned
 fang ;—
He leaned in sadness 'gainst a tree, its boughs of leaves
 were bare,
And with a broken voice spake he, in accents of
 despair.

“Lo ! every plague beneath the heaven, within this
 breast hath found
Its darkened home, by vengeance given, to rend each
 gaping wound ;
The elements themselves conspire, for water dims the
 eye ;
Within my breast's a raging fire, and air begets the
 sigh.

“The earth alone hath mercy shown—her terrors are
 concealed,
For in the tomb, that darkened home, Life's fountains
 are congealed ;

And with meteor-speed the hour of Fate comes upon
friend and foe,
And stilled is the burning pulse of Hate, in icy realms
below.

“These odors sweet, that float and stray, as they heaven-
ward take their flight,
Like incense laid by dying Day on the altar of the
Night,
Are linked with tearful memory of hours for ever fled ;
Those flowers have grown beneath *thine* eye, and now,
alas ! they’re dead !

“In every faded rose, I seek that bright and blushing
bloom,
That, Cava, once adorned thy cheek, dark signet of my
doom !
And vainly strive in each to trace the memory of thee,
Whose image Time shall ne’er erase, how long soe’er it
be.

“Hard as the mountain-rock, the tree whose trunk
supports me now ;
Silent its leafy melody, and withered every bough ;
But, Cava, harder far art thou than rock or agéd tree—
The very life-blood of this heart hath been, traitress,
shed by thee !

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

ALPHONZO sate in his castle-hall, his knights on either
hand ;
His warriors and nobles all held each his naked brand :
A stern and haughty suitor stood before the monarch's
throne,
And, while his brow was flushed with blood, 'twas thus
the knight spake on :—

“ Within the walls of yonder tower in chains my father
lies ;
Thou'st shut the sunny day for aye in darkness on his
eyes ;
Thou'st palsied strength of heart and limb by the weight
of the deadly chain ;
And the youth, that was light and joy to him, hath
closed in gloom and pain !

“ Senseless we deem the stones that guard the captive's
dungeon deep ;
Pity, within their bosoms hard, is locked in icy sleep ;—
And yet upon these senseless stones grief writes *her*
sacred sign ;

THEY hear my father's sighs and groans—Foul tyrant !
where are thine ?

“The bloom of youth was on his brow—its light was in
his eye ;
But both, alas ! are faded now, by long captivity :
Bright and flowing was his hair, like noon-day's golden
light ;
But Time hath set his signet there, and Age hath made
them white.

“The blood that warms my father's veins, Alphonzo
holds in scorn ;
The flesh that moulders in his chains, he deems it lowly
born ;
Yet 'twas *that* foul and worthless blood that nerved
Bernardo's heart,
When in the blaze of fight he stood, and dared the
Frankish dart.

“When Charlemagne his steel-clad horde marched
proudly through thy realm,
Who was the first to draw the sword, and who to brace
the helm ?
Bernardo boldly took the field, with Leon's knightly band,
Seized his broad and burnished shield, and bared his
battle-brand.

“When civil discord’s lawless rage swept through the
 realm of Spain,
Dyed deep with blood her virgin page, and forged thy
 country’s chain,—
Upon the instant, out there flew, from every slumbering
 sheath,
Swords, that, baptized in life’s warm dew, were stained
 with its last breath.

“I am thy sister’s son, false king ! Bernardo’s blood is
 thine !
It were a foul and shameless thing that King Alphonzo’s
 line
Should bear upon his ’scutcheon bright the bastard’s
 lowly stain—
The son demands the father’s right, or vengeance upon
 Spain !

“Nay, flush not thus thy haughty brow—I fear nor
 threat nor death !
Though arméd men be ’round thee now, I tell thee in
 thy teeth—
The frozen heart and the whitened head of the old man
 now in chains
Shall, traitor ! strew thy path with dead, and the blood
 of Castilian veins !”

BERNARDO'S FATHER.

"ERE yet the beard of manhood's growth had left its
darkened track,
Thou swor'st, false king ! a perjured oath, to give my
father back ;—
To free my prisoned sire for aye from dungeon and from
chain ;
Yet, though I sue thee day on day, my hopes, my
prayers, are vain !

"Thy curse was on his bridal-hour, when he thy sister
wed ;
The convent was thy sister's dower ; the cell *his* bridal-
bed :
Nor convent-walls nor dungeon-chains can alter nature's
line—
The blood that warms *Bernardo's* veins is, traitor ! also
thine !

"Say, he was rebel to the throne ;—the crime he's paid
with years ;
His pillow's now the dungeon-stone, his bread thou'st
steeped with tears !

But no ! not treason to thy land did deadly vengeance
move,
And kindle hate's undying brand—'*Twas that he dared
to love !*

“ Alphonzo ! freedom hast thou sworn my sire, upon thy
sword—
Let not thy subjects hold in scorn a knight's—a monarch's word ;
For never yet was falsehood known her slimy path to
trace,
Where stood the monarch's sacred throne, or flush a
soldier's face !

“ Bernardo men 'a coward' call—'tis false as hell the
word ;
The champion of Roncesvalles ne'er feared to draw his
sword.
I dare the liars ! By the rood ! Bernardo's true and leal,
To write the falsehood in the blood of *any* in Castile !

“ My sire for thee in bloody strife hath many a battle won ;
For thee, false king ! Bernardo's life hath many a peril
run.
Shame ! shame upon thy guerdon foul ! my father hast
thou ta'en—

Tremble, traitor ! for by my soul, this blade thy heart
shall drain !

“ Ten thousand curses on the sword that fought for thee
and thine !

Curst be the breath that gave the word to Spain’s
embattled line !

The brand of craven’s on my brow—its curse is on my
heart,

To leave a *sire* in dungeon low, yet face a *foeman’s* dart !”

Then spake Alphonze :—“ A monarch’s faith is true as
lover’s token :

Sir knight, fear not thy father’s death, his chain shall
soon be broken ;

Or ere to-morrow’s sun shall rise o’er steeple, hill, and
tower,

The old man’s form shall glad thine eyes, free from
Alphonzo’s power.”

The king his solemn vow he kept, which he had made
that day ;

Deceit within his bosom slept, to murder and betray :
His bloody ’hest the soldiers bear to the dungeon lone
and drear—

The trembling old man’s eyes they tear from their dull
and lightless sphere.

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO TO HIS ARMY.

THE stoutest lances at his side that ever fought for
Spain,
Bernardo's rallied far and wide 'gainst haughty Charle-
magne ;
In iron phalanx on they go, in rest is every lance ;—
Their leader is Del Carpio—their enemy is France !

Alphonso, traitor to his throne, hath sought for Frankish
aid,
And France hath to his summons flown, and bared her
every blade ;
And foul the price the king hath paid for the hire of
Frankman's blood :
His sires' soil he hath betrayed—the soil whereon they
stood !

Weary with march the glittering train, ere the bright
sun goes down,
Halt in the middle of a plain two leagues from Leon's
town ;
Bernardo raised his visor up, surveyed his army then,

And while he spake, no sound there brake from that line
of steel-clad men.

“Sons of Leon! ye who prize a warrior’s name and
glory,
Whose valiant deeds of high emprise shall live in
Spanish story—
Warriors! ye, whose every vein with noblest blood is
fed,
Shall Leon wear the Frankman’s chain, or fear her blood
to shed?

“Within yon’ band no craven hearts palsy the swords
ye bear;
Your breasts defy the Frankish darts—then where-
fore should ye fear?
The strife is for our king and throne—then onward:
God looks down!
With ye I stake my life upon the honor of the crown!

“The land your Christian fathers swayed for many a
year of old,
Shall *it* to France be now betrayed, through fear, or
love of gold?
Your lives are on this mighty stake as heroes brave and
leal:

Rise, Leonese ! your fetters break, nor fear the Frankish
steel !

“ Will *ye* consent that stranger blood should forge the
grinding chain—

That France should pour old Leon's blood o'er Leon's
blooming plain—

That to-morrow's sun should rise upon your sons in
bondage led ?

This sacred soil to France a spoil, for which our fathers
bled ?

“ Shall your bucklers, broad and bright, forget the sign
they bear

Blazoned on their breasts of might—THE LION in his
lair ?

Shall the haughty LION yield his place to the pallid
fleur de lis ?

Shall Leon's sons *her* arms erase for Frankish blazonry ?

“ For many a year this land so fair in peace your fathers
swayed ;

Freedom's foundations with their blood and valor have
they laid ;

Stout Leonese ! it cannot be, that the terrors of a day
Should blot from every memory their toils and blood
away !

“Where are those craven hearts that fear to bite the
ground in death ?

Remember, Leon’s banners ne’er were fanned by cow-
ard’s breath !

We ask not of them sword or lance ; we ask alone the
brave,

To stem the iron-tide of France, or make old Spain their
grave !”

He vaulted on his steed, and plunged the rowels in his
side,

And dashed away with fiery speed, as shafts from bowmen
glide ;

“Leal knights and true ! your coursers spur !” his voice
rose on the breeze,

“Shall the *Lion* quail before the cur ? ’Fore France the
Leonese ?”

THE VENGEANCE OF MUDARRAZ.

COUNT GONZALEZ CORDOVA leaves, and straight to Salas
goes ;
Within that fortress strong he grieves for years of count-
less woes,
With pain he ransacks mem'ry's stores, revives his
wrongs afresh,
And rends again Time's half-closed sores,* as pincers tear
the flesh.

"Oh ! blasted trunk ; of every leaf bare and decayed
art thou !
O'er me hath passed the storm of grief, as the tempest
strips the bough ;
There's not a single blossom left to mark where once it
stood,
Alike of bough and foliage 'reft : a curse is on my
blood ?

"I once had seven noble sons ;—but they are dead and
gone—

* "The flesh will follow where the pincers tear."—*Young's "Revenge."*

Curst be the hand that laid them low, and left me here
alone!

There's one—but one is left me yet; I would *he* too
were dead;

His craven-falchion ne'er he'll wet, nor a foeman's blood
he'll shed.

“For bastard blood his veins doth warm;—his is the
coward's part;

Nor knightly strength is in his arm, nor valor in his
heart;

E'en though his hoary sire were dead, no loyal son I
have

A prayer to say, a tear to shed, upon my lonely grave!

“My murdered sons! how oft ye rise in the midnight
lone and deep,

When your agéd father's sleepless eyes their sorrowing
vigils keep;

Anon I seem to clasp each form;—anon it takes its
flight!

• Your necks, with life-blood dripping warm, assail my
aching sight!”

“Can the weary captive break his chain? Can he his
wrongs redeem?”

Can he revenge the bitter pain that shades Life's holy
stream ?

No ! no, my sons ! The God who gave ye life will yet
atone

Your wrongs in your foeman's bloody grave ;—your
death—your dying groan.

“ Would God I'd died in Moorish land ; for now, were
past my pain—

They would have used the naked brand, but never bound
the chain ;

But now I stand amid mine own ;—shame on their
Christian faith !

Christians ! what mercy have they shown ?—a slow and
painful death !”

Such sad and wailing accents rise from the captive in
despair ;

He presses now his streaming eyes—anon he rends his
hair ;

When, on a sudden, he descries a knight in full career,
'Tis a Moorish knight ! his pennon flies, and glanceth
bright his spear—

He sees the dim and half-orbed moon upon his rounded
shield

Pillowed on piles of fleecy clouds ; the ground, its azure
field,

And, wrought in letters of pure gold, upon its breast
appears—

*“Lost one! I go to find thee, tho’ I brave a thousand
spears!”*

Upon his lance a streamer bright spreads far its snowy
sheen ;

Inscribed upon a ground of white, it bears a cross of
green ;

While dangles from his saddle-bow a head that drips
with blood,—

It is the head of a Christian foe, who hath his lance
withstood.

Still on the knight, in full career, presseth with breathless
speed,

In rest he holds his slanted spear, and spurs his gallant
steed ;

At the dungeon-grate he quickly reins, and to his father
cries :

*“Sire! here is vengeance for thy chains, and the tears
that dim thine eyes!”*

*“Here, father! is Velasquez’ head—thy seven sons he
slew—*

I swore that I'd avenge the dead, though I the blow
should rue—

I am thy bastard son, my Lord! Revenge thou did'st
not deem,

Could ever gild the *bastard's* sword, or his heart's
polluted stream!"

THE BANNER OF THE CID.

WITHIN San Pedro's blesséd walls the Cid in prayer is bent,
Midnight in solemn silence falls o'er ev'ry monument ;
And dimly doth the waning light fall on the Champion
brave,
So dim, the warrior seems a sprite fresh risen from the
grave !

The suppliant still kneels in prayer : the carvéd saints
they stand
Like spectres wrought in silent air, from a far and
shadowy land ;
The holy cross before him stands, the Saviour's bleeding
brow,

While the kneeling knight with claspéd hand renews
his holy vow !

The Cid hath chosen well his part, in humble prayer to
kneel,
For God doth better shield the heart in war, than mail
of steel ;
He, who in battle's peril bears the Christian's holy faith,
Tho' thousands be his foes, ne'er fears to die a soldier's
death !

Now swells the organ's solemn peal—bends ev'ry casque
and cowl,
The Abbot and the monks they kneel and speed the
parting soul—
Upon the cross their eyes they bend,—full many a bead
they tell,
That the Cid their banner may defend against the
Infidel.

Bivar then raised the banner high before that kneeling
line,
While solemnly was bent each eye on the Saviour's holy
sign ;
He kissed the banner's drooping fold that round him
fell in shade,

Undid his mantle's clasp of gold, and kneeling, thus he
prayed !

“ Cross of God ! that o'er us waves, bright emblem of
our faith !

Thy shadow rest upon our graves, and fan our dying
breath ;

Thy symbol soothe the closing lid, and dry death's icy
tear,

Thy sacred fold enwrap the cold upon the warrior's bier !

“ Blest banner of my country, come ! the trump of
battle calls—

The heart of knighthood be thine home ! Thy shrine,
these sainted walls ;

Castilian bands enfold thee now, that Death alone can
sever—

Upon my soul there lies a vow, to die or guard thee
ever !

“ Alphonso's ear hath been betrayed by traitors false and
foul,

Their lying breath *may* stain my blade, but cannot touch
my *soul* !

When knights and vassals thus are paid for the blood
that they have shed,

Who would worship glory's shade, or make her field his
bed?

"King! thou hast heard the Syren sing—there's death
in every tone,

'Tis the sweep of the vulture's sable wing that echoes
Death's last groan;

Thou'st banished me from country—home—from all I
love below—

No garlands e'er shall deck my tomb, nor laurel weave
my brow!

"Now God forefend! that luckless hours my country
should befall,

That a foeman's flag should man her towers—a foeman's
sword her wall!

May conquest never cease to tread through Spain's
heroic land;

May the casque be braced to every head, and the
sword on every hand!

"I love thee, Spain! Dear land, farewell! I dare not
disobey—

To foes, for thee, my blood I'd sell! For thee, myself
would slay!

Before God's holy men I swear, whom kneeling round I
see,

In battle, all I do or dare, dear Spain, shall be for thee !”

Then pealed “Te Deum ” through the shrine—the monks
the beads they told,

The Abbot marked the holy sign upon the banner’s fold.

The Cid then took the banner back with proud and
flashing eye,

And forth on Babieca rode—to conquer or to die !

THE FORAY OF THE CID.

FIVE hundred knights of old Castille have followed
De Bivar

To brave with him, through woe and weal, the perils of
the war ;—

They halted in a spacious plain for meal and midday rest,
When the Cid, he checked his courser’s rein, and thus
his host addressed—

“ Brave knights and soldiers ! now’s the day, and now
the hour hath come :

Anon ye'll see the Crescent play, and hear the Moorish
drum !

Down from yon' mountains *let* them pour, as foams the
fierce cascade :

Fear not ! *I* am El Campeador ! Behold Tizona's blade !

" Ye are Hidalgos ! Shall your blood be water for their
spears ?

Shall Moorish dogs rend ye for food as the kite his
carrion tears ?

Shall every brow that flusheth now with soldiers' honest
hate

Turn pale with fear, soon as ye hear* the Moor is at the
gate ?

" No, by my soul ! Hidalgos, no ! Pride flusheth every
cheek

† Deeply as sunset stains the snow upon the Alpine
peak !

Remember, knights, we banished are from the dear land
of Spain,

But bear in mind that bold Bivar will soon wash out the
stain !

* What, ho—Alonze ! The Moor is at the gate !—*The Revenge.*

† The blush of earth embracing with her heaven.—*Manfred.*

“ I wear a corslet, but the foe can pierce it through and
through ;
Will *ye* refuse, Hidalgos—no !—to be my armor, too ?
With honor such as yours, and swords to shield Rodrigo’s
heart,
I challenge Afric’s fiery hordes—I spurn the Moorish
dart !”

He said, and sheathed his giant-blade—The marching
word was given—
The banners played—the trumpets brayed—their echoes
rose to Heaven—
On—on in gorgeous train they ride with arméd breast
and heel ;
In iron phalanx side by side—The Champions of
Castille !

Now far and wide through Moorish land, like a tempest
fierce, they broke,
The Moslem quailed before his brand, and bowed beneath
his yoke !
The brightness of the Crescent wanes—broken the
scymitar !
Who leads the Moorish king in chains ?—Rodrigo de
Bivar !

But Conquest piles her golden store within Valencia's
walls,
The banners of El Campeador bedeck her lonely halls !
Two hundred steeds ; an hundred Moors—the bravest in
the land,
Stand ranged before Rodrigo's doors, and wait the Cid's
command !

King, slaves and steeds the Cid hath sent as tribute from
his sword
(For though he fought in banishment, Alphonse was still
his Lord) ;
Each slave, he bears an iron key—the barbs wear
jewelled reins,
And the glowing blood of Araby swells high within
their veins !

BERMUDEZ' APPEAL TO THE SONS-IN-LAW
OF THE CID ON THE POINT OF FLIGHT.

“DRAW, Hidalgos! draw your swords! On high the
red cross wave!
Ere yield an inch to Afric's hordes, be the battle-field
your grave!
Plunge deep the spear—Slack not the rein—* Let the
hand toil round the spear!
And when Glory comes to count her slain, let her pile
her altar *here!*

“What! at the sight of a turban-fold will the hearts of
Christians quail?
What are their purple, gems and gold, to the stout old
Spanish mail?
A darker brand *his* brow shall bear, than first was
stamped on Cain,
Whose craven cheek shall pale with fear, or recreant
prove to Spain.

“Hidalgo-blood in every vein, yet nerveless every brand!

* This expression is borrowed from Homer.

Bow, Slaves! Bow down! The Moorish chain is
forged for every hand!

Fathers were heroes, once, to fame; but now the sons *ye*
have

Would blush to own a father's name, or tread a father's
grave!

"Ye cravens, turn! Wheel every steed! Back to
Valencia! back!

Be the lightning-wing your courser's speed; its fury be
their track:

If scymitar and turban fright Hidalgo and Alcaide,
By heaven! for every Spanish knight I'd choose a
Spanish maid!

"The Cid his true and stalwart sword to both of ye
bequeathed;

Full many a vein that blade must drain, ere well it can
be sheathed;

Ye *say* ye are Hidalgos—Shame! I swear by Pedro's
shrine

I'd blush to bear your father's name an ye were sons of
mine!

"'Mid dames and gentles well ye move, in tourney or in
dance;

Better ye suit the bowers of love than harness, targe, or
lance :

Wipe out that deep and burning stain would dim your
warrior-crown ;

Forward ! and trample to the plain yon' dogs of false
Mahoun."

THE CID'S FAREWELL.

SHOULD the God of battles lay me low in the field
whereto I'm bound,

Should I fall beneath the Moorish foe, and bite, in death,
the ground ;

Ximena ! let thy husband's grave be in San Pedro's
shrine—

Above me let no banner wave, save Jesus' holy sign !

"I charge thee let no woman's tear bewail thy husband
dead ;

Let warrior-hands, upon the bier, compose my pillowed
head ;

I would not have my soldiers weep upon their leader's
pall,

Nor grief her lightless vigil keep, where'er I chance to
fall !

“ As knight of Christ, I charge thee yet, should sorrow
dim thy lid,
Let not the hordes of Mahomet see thee weeping for the
Cid ;
I charge thee, further, by the sword Bivar in battle
wore,
Let it not own a second Lord, or fell another Moor !

“ It may be that my gallant steed, with loose and
dangling rein
(True as e'er served a knight at need, or trod the soil of
Spain),
May stand without his master's gate, with low and
drooping head,
And the empty saddle where I sat, will tell thee—I am
dead !

“ Open the gate, as though I yet bestrode my courser
brave,
And pr'ythee let his bones be laid within his master's
grave ;
For they who've fought in bloody field should still be
one in death—

The spear should lie upon the shield, and the sword
within its sheath.

“Soon as the parting soul is sped, and leaves to earth
her spoil,
Ximena, thou anoint my head with myrrh and holy
oil ;
Then buckle harness on my breast, and helmet on my
head,
And leave Bivar to take his rest among Spain’s gallant
dead !”

THE CID’S PENNON.

BIVAR and his three hundred knights, Hidalgos brave of
Spain,
Look down from Alcozero’s heights, upon the battle-
plain ;
The turbaned Moslems press and throng around on
every side,
Like a river of steel that rolls along in the might of its
wintry tide.

The steeds, they neigh, the banners play ! Flasheth the
polished steel !

The scymitar is bared for war ! The gongs and trumpets
peal !

The Moslem gazeth on the tower with a wild and fearful
glare ;—

The Christians dare not face that power, nor brave the
thousands there !

'Twas then Minaya thus addressed th' Hidalgos, leal
and brave ;—

“ Fear not ! Your banners have been blest, that o'er
your helmets wave ;

From Leon, many a weary mile, the Cid your host hath
led ;—

On yonder plain let Slaughter pile her heaps of Moslem
dead !

“ The caged lion turns and tears the foes that wound
him sore—

Fear *ye* to face the Moslem spears with the brave El
Campeador ?

Burst from your prison, Leonese ! Rend ev'ry bolt and
bar !

Let your broad pennon flout* the breeze! Our leader's
De Bivar!"

Then doffed the Cid his casque, and said, "Minaya,
brave thy word!

Ere falleth even's russet-shade,† we'll scatter yonder
horde!

Castille should never blush to have warriors brave as
thou;—

Sons, who'd as gladly hail the grave, as laurels on their
brow!

"Forth! Show the Moslem on yon plains, whose
crescent brightly gleams,

The blood, that thro' Castilian veins, doth flow in
burning streams,—

Show them in battle's bright career, 'tis honor leads ye
on;

That honor, still, shall deck your bier, your fathers
wooded and won!

"Show them your fathers feared not death and their
sons are *now* as brave,

Show them that Triumph's holy breath yet flutters o'er
their grave!

* Flout the skies.—*Shakspeare*.

† But see the morn, in russet mantle clad, &c.—*Hamlet*.

'Tis not the part of Spanish knight, 'till Conquest come,
to die ;—
'Till with crimson-wing she fan the fight, like eagle from
on high !”

He said, and to the doughty knight, Bermudez, true and
bold,
He gave in charge his pennon bright ; the Lion marked
its fold !
“ Hidalgo ! clasp it to thine heart, whether thou fight
or flee,
Be it sooner rent by Moslem dart, than ever torn from
thee !”

“ Brave Cid !” the mailéd warrior said, “ thy streamer
now is mine !
In triumph o'er each Moor shall tread the Lion's
dauntless sign,—
This Lion, Cid ! by heaven ! I swear, as Pedro wears a
sword,
Shall make, this day, his bloody lair amid yon' turbaned
horde !”

He seized the flag ; and, like the light of morn o'er hill
and vale,
Headlong spurred the Spanish knight—The shafts,
they sped like hail,—

“Come on, Hidalgos, ev’ry one ! your Lion tramps the
breeze !
We’ll have, by heav’n ! ere set of sun, ten Moors for a
Leonese !”

BABIECA.

FORTH from the seat of Gothic power, marches the bold
Bivar,
And halts beneath Valencia’s tower, his own by right of
war ;
Nine hundred cavaliers, who wait upon their gallant
lord,
Thunder at Valencia’s gate with dagger, hilt and sword.

And ’mid the troop, with naked heads, two knights in
armor dight,
The war-steed, Babieca, led, with eye of flashing light ;—
“Open, good King, your palace-doors ; a soldier stands
without,
Whose stalwart arm hath crushed the Moors !”—’Twas
thus Bivar spake out.

Bar and bolt asunder fly—the iron gate gives way ;
Move on the gallant companie, in plume and war-array.
Rodrigo sees a gallant throng surround their monarch's
 throne,
And in the midst, his braves among, Alphonzo stands
 alone.

“Alphonze ! behold a champion kneel who never knelt
 before !”
Thus spake Rodrigo of Castille, the brave El Campeador ;—
“I come not here to challenge thee to tourney, joust
 or fight ;
But 'fore thee prove my loyalty as true and honest
 knight.

“I have a steed, a better never hath charged where
 banners fly ;
His speed like arrow from the quiver, or meteor from
 the sky.
I pray thee, King ! receive this boon as thine for battle's
 tide ;
Fear not the crescent of Mahoun if thou my steed
 bestride.

“Lest thou shouldst deem my speech a boast, my
 praises false and vain,

King! come with thy gallant host, and view him on the
plain;
Thou'lt see him pliant to my hand as 'neath a silken
rein;
Come, King, and gentles of the land, gallants, and
knights of Spain!"

Bivar now vaults upon his steed, arméd from neck to heel;
The trumpet sounds, the courser bounds, as he feels the
rowelled steel;
With wingéd feet and waving mane, with poised and
shimmering spear,
Champion and steed, they skirr the plain, as though
they rode on air.

Lo! ev'ry gallant's eye is bent on Babiéca's speed,
Alphonzo stands in wonderment if he be sprite or steed;—
But Silence severs soon her chain—bursts forth a cry of
fear—
For the furious steed hath rent the rein that checked his
mad career!

The champion moves not as he flings the broken rein
aside,
But with the dangling fragment tries the maddened
barb to guide;—

Still, still they fly, as on lightning-wing, from a cloud of
darkness freed,
When suddenly, before the King, he checks his panting
steed.

“King, he is thine!” Rodrigo cried, as he lighted on the
plain ;

“A monarch’s hand *my* steed should guide, a monarch
hold his rein !”

“Foul shame it were,” Alphonse replied, “that man save
thee, Bivar,

Should spur so true a courser’s side, when blows the
blast of war.”

ALPHONZO'S OATH.

WITHIN an old and Gothic pile the lamps with faintness
 beamed,
While round and down the vaulted aisle the Spanish
 banner streamed,
And from the altar, rose the while, the incense' rich
 perfume,
As though religion told her rites around a soldier's
 tomb.

The altar round, on bended knee, throng many a casquéd
 head,
The monks they tell their beads full well, and many a
 prayer is sped ;
A sword upon the altar lies, a cross-bow made of
 wood,
While to hear Alphonzo's oath, the Cid in silence stood.

“Rodrigo, think not I am loath, in face of sword and
 chain ;
Nay, before God to make my oath, the King I have not
 slain ;

Anointed blood shall never smear a true Hidalgo's
sword,
Dishonor ne'er shall crown his spear, nor treachery his
word.

"Asturia's hardy mountaineer, with slow and stealthy
pace,*
His livid brow, bedewed with fear, as ghastly as his
face,
The traitor's dagger *might* conceal beneath a courtier's
air;
But not a *knight* in all Castille so foul a deed would dare.

"Rail not on me—thy charge is vain—Rodrigo de
Bivar!
'Tis true, my foemen have I slain, but in the ranks of
war;
By all the mailed forms I swear, that round the altar
kneel,
To prove this dastard charge, I dare the bravest in
Castille!"

Pale was his brow, but flashed with fire his dark and
kindling eye—

* With stealthy pace, and Tarquin's ravishing strides.—*Macbeth*.

Trembled his livid lips with ire, as thunders shake the sky.
 "I give thee pardon, knight," he said, "though thy speech
 doth wound me sore,"
 And, as he spake, his hand he laid upon El Campeador.

"Nay, offer not thy hand to me," exclaimed the Cid
 aloud ;
 "Once thou did'st claim my feälty, but my knee I never
 bowed.
 No King I know, no worship owe,* save my good sword
 and war ;
 Kings never made before them kneel Rodrigo de Bivar !"

Alphonso then with passion shook ; his brow and cheek
 were pale ;
 "Think'st thou such language I will brook from one in
 casque and mail ?
 Had another spoken thus, my spear had pierced him
 where he stood.
 Thee, Cid, I banish for a year—I covet not thy blood !"

 "By Heaven ! good King, it likes me well," replied
 El Campeador ;

* The older writers transfer to "owe," the sense of "own :"—

 "You make me strange,
 Even to the disposition that I owe."—*Macbeth*.—*Et passim*.

“I bid your banners long farewell;—your bidding
wounds me sore;
A single year thou’st banished me—the crime deserveth
more—
Bivar demands not liberty till years expire four!”

With that he turned upon his heel, and left the King
alone—
No champion now in all Castille so brave to guard its
throne.
Each brave Hidalgo followed him—the bravest in the
land;
The sword was braced on every limb, and gauntleted
each hand!

THE BURIAL OF THE CID.

[The body of the Cid was conducted, on horseback, to San Pedro, where it remained (according to the Spanish Chronicles), in an upright position, exposed to the public view for ten years.]

SLOWLY knights and warriors come with a sad and
measured tread ;

Not for battle rolls the drum, but the burial of the dead :
The soldier's battles all are o'er—His soul hath sought
her home ;

And the doughty Cid, El Campeador, is passing to his
tomb !

Still, with a warrior's strength and pride, his hand it
grasps the rein,

While knights and gentles at his side fill the funeral-
train ;

No mortal could have deemed the Cid, as he rode on,
were dead,

Save for the eye and drooping lid, that told the soul was
sped.

Helm and shield and mail of knight, the livid champion
wore—

Tizona's blade upon his right the dead Rodrigo bore ;
Sad and solemn to behold, they march to Pedro's pile,
While moveless droops the banner-fold above that
warrior-file !

The master's corse doth still bestride the true and gallant
steed

That erst through battle's crimson tide bore him with
breathless speed ;

Lightless the eye, and low the head ; nor blood doth
swell the vein,

As though he feels the hand is dead that loosely holds
the rein !

Through the dark midnight, by dim torch-light, their
sorrowing way they trod ;

And many a prayer was muttered low that the soul
might pass to God ;

And the cold and dewy morning-star its russet twilight
shed,

As his comrades left the brave Bivar to slumber with the
dead !

ADDRESS OF COUNT FERNAN GONZALEZ
PREVIOUS TO BATTLE WITH THE MOORS.

WITHIN the walls of Burgos' town, Count Fernan hath
arrayed

The vassals of the Spanish crown with targe and lance
and blade ;

The Moorish host is marshalled too ;—Almanzor leads
them on—

The cymbals clash, the sabres flash ;—high waves the
gonfalon !

The atabal with deadly peal ; the Crescent, streaming
bright—

The jar and clank of burnished steel herald the Moorish
might ;—

Now face to face the armies stand, upon their spears
they lean,

When a Spanish knight, with naked brand, his courser
spurs between.

And scarce his barb the knight had spurred, in the midst
between the foe,

When a low and stifled wail was heard, as of mourners
in their woe ;—
For, on a sudden, awful doom ! with the brave Castillian,
The earth, it op'd, like a yawning tomb, and swallowed
steed and man !

It closed again upon its prey ; nor sign nor trace they see,
Rider and steed are swept away, as autumn strips the
tree ;
Fear falls on every mailéd man—quivers each iron
hand ;—
The soldier's rugged face is wan, and powerless his
brand !

Count Fernan grasped his charger's rein, and waved his
falchion bright,
His mettled courser sped amain, as speeds the morning-
light,—
“Hidalgos ! sons of Burgos ! why doth fear freeze every
vein ?
Where is the vaunted Chivalry—the valor of old Spain ?”

“ Though heaven and earth in one combine with dream
and omen drear,
Beats there within yon' Spanish line a heart that quails
with fear ?

Shame on the Craven who would wheel and 'fore the
Crescent fly !
The sturdy blood of old Castille, than yield, would
rather die !

“False, recreant knights ! ye will not lay the honors that
ye've gained
In many a proudly foughten day, with falchions crimson
stained
In dust, for ever to remain ;—soiled by Oblivion's breath !
Ye renegades to God and Spain ! your swords ye dare
not sheath !

“Fear ye the Moorish for to count, because your
comrade 's gone ?
Castillians ! no !—your coursers mount ! your host hath
lost but *one* !—
Your banners raise ! The Moor displays his Crescent in
the van—
Forth every falchion ! *Let* it blaze, and stand ye, man
to man !

“Say, *they're* a thousand,—*we*, but ten ! What ! will
ye turn and flee ?
Can Spain invoke no nobler men, no truer knights than
ye ?

Give me one drop of Spanish blood from a true Castilian
heart,

'Tis the noblest stream that ever flowed beneath a
Moorish dart!

“Hidalgos! knights! your coursers spur! Give every
barb the rein!

The field let steed and rider skirr! ‘St Jago for old
Spain!’

Shame on the soul would falter now, when the Moslem is
before us,

What! quail ye! fore the turbaned brow, while the Holy
Cross flies o’er us!”

FLERIDA LEAVES HER FATHER'S HOUSE
AT NIGHT, EMBARKING IN THE GALLEY
OF HER LOVER, DUARDOS.

'Twas the blooming month of May, when the rose and
lily vie,
When the bird is singing on the spray, and summer
lights the sky ;
The stars, they shone, like happy isles, amid a sea of light,
Where tears should ever change to smiles and never day
know night !

It was a night as fresh and fair as ever dew-drop wept ;
Odors floated in the air from flowers as they slept,
When a lithe and lovely form strayed mid the flowers'
painted beds,
And tears fell from the Spanish Maid, as she raised their
drooping heads.

"Farewell—farewell, ye children gay ! For autumn's
withered bowers
Ye hive the sweets of scented May ! nurslings of sunshine-
hours !

No more the nightingale's sad lay shall wake my
listless ear—

Flowers! receive that holy dew—a maiden's parting tear.

“Fountains of crystal light, farewell! whose silver
wavelets flow

Through the perfumed bower, where flowers dwell, and
their crimson beauties glow!

The glories of the earth and sky have floated on your
breast,

Bright as the amber hues that dye the sunset of the
West.

“Flowers and fountains, may the sun still gild ye with
his ray,

Still flush your leaves when I am gone, with the tints of
rosy May;—

And heaven ne'er its rain refuse, nor morn her tear of
dew,

And may your Autumn-withered hues the kiss of Spring
renew!”

“Weep not, my Love!” Duardos said;

“There are other climes as bright,

Where the sun is cloudless all the day,

And the starry sky at night.

“ There are sun-reflecting waters there,
And meads of emerald growing ;
And a spirit-music, for the air
Guides every wave that's flowing !

“ And the gardens blush in flowery prime,
As though the morning-skies
Still sang the hymn of the golden time,
When Creation slept in Paradise.

“ I have palaces of silver
To greet my Spanish bride ;
And maids shall walk behind thy train,
And gallants by thy side.

“ And painted chambers glitter there
With the gold of Turkey's mine ;
And the fates and chances of my life
On their blazoned pannels shine.

“ There thou shalt read of the bitter tear
That dimmed thy lover's eye,
When I dared the brave Primalion's spear,
For thee to do or die.

“ Then away with me, my Spanish bride !
For Duardos' home is far—

What eye would fear the midnight-tide,
When it guides by the Lovers' star?"

And now the bark, to the midnight-blast, cuts through
the star-lit water,
Tears quickly fall, as heels the mast, from the dark-eyed
Spanish daughter,
But dreams arise of that lovely shore, that lies beyond
the deep,
And the liquid music of the oar the maiden lulls to
sleep.

KING SEBASTIAN DIES IN BATTLE.

Who is he, who rides so fast amid the dead and
dying ;—
His knightly pennon, to the blast, in shattered fragments
flying,
His armor beareth many a stain of foes now stark and
cold ;—
He reels upon his steed ; the rein, the hero scarce can
hold !

Sebastian ! bravest 'mid the brave—a soldier, yet a
King !

Where Battle's floating banners wave on high their
crimson wing ;—

Horseman and steed were ever found, unsheathed the
monarch's glaive,

Whose trenchant blade had made the ground full many
a hero's grave.

Lo ! from each quarter of the field rageth the battle-
cry—

“ Fly, brothers, fly ! Down spear and shield ! the foe is
on us !—fly !”

The monarch checks his courser's rein ;—raiseth his
falchion bright,

And dasheth 'mid his knights amain to stem their
craven flight !

The traitor's spear its work hath done—Don Sancho was
no more !

“ Your king, your king—Ho ! every one !” shouted
El Campeador.

With blooded spur and naked steel they speed their
breathless way—

Around their murdered lord they kneel—they threaten,
weep, and pray !

“Where is the traitor?” cried the Cid, still kneeling by
his lord;

“The deed be mine! now God forbid it should not stain
my sword!

Oh! murdered king! is there a soul in this brave
compañie,

So craven, dastard, or so foul, as not to die for thee?”

In solemn phalanx still they kneel, the bleeding corse
around:

Those stern, but weeping eyes reveal the soul’s untented
wound.*

Courtiers, they flatter even in death, as though the soul
could come,

Charmed by their vain and empty breath, back from its
silent home.†

“Thou art my king! thy vassal, I!” the old count Cabra
said:

“Brave knights! you’ve seen your master die—behold
his crownless head!

To weep the body back again to life—to light and air,
Our tears and hopes alike are vain—the soul demands
our prayer.”

* “The untented woundings of a father’s curse
Pierce every sense about thee.”—*Lear*.

† “Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death!”—*Gray*.

The king then raised his swimming eyes, death's seal
was on his brow—

“Soldiers and knights! or ere he dies, list ye your king's
last vow—!”

Upon the warrior's mailéd breast in weakness sank his
head;

The soul had sought her sainted rest—the warrior-king
was dead!

VELLIDO DOLFOS' TREASON.

VELLIDO, with the lightning's speed, Zamora leaves
behind;

O'er hill and vale he spurs his steed—his course is as the
wind!

The sons of Arias Gonzalo he flies with hate and fear,
While claims he, from his deadly foe, both friendship's
hand and tear.

“Now, God protect the Spanish crown and throne!” the
traitor cries,

And bends the knee before the king, in meek and lowly
guise—

“ My lord ! I am thy vassal, true as any in the land !”
And, as he spake, the traitor drew his keen and trenchant
brand.

“ The old man, Gonzalo, hath sought to take thy vassal’s
life ;
Curst be the flag ’neath which I’ve fought in many a
bloody strife,
I ask but vengeance, now, my lord ! for a wronged and
injured man ;
And soon thou’lt hail, with spear and mail, Vellido in
thy van.

“ Nor this alone—Zamora’s town—its might, its
treasures—all—
Shall own the sway of Sancho’s crown—thy banner
guard its wall !
Vellido knows each secret gate—each guarded pass he
knows—
By heaven ! I’ll rest not ’till my hate is wreaked upon
my foes !”

Then spake the king : “ I trust thy faith—my shield is
now thy word ;
It cannot be that traitor’s breath should stain Vellido’s
sword !”

The traitor smiled—in whispered tone, he said, “My
lord ! I wait—
But no one, save the king alone, shall know that secret
gate !”

The king waved back his kingly band, as, each his
courser spurred,
And calmly laid his mailed hand upon his jewelled
sword.

“Lead on, Sir Knight !” Don Sancho cried ; “now
vengeance on thy foe !”

“*Vengeance on thee !*” the knight replied, and felled him
at a blow !

Who hath not seen the havoc made when storm sweeps
sea and land ?

Thus the ruthless foe did crouch below the sweep of his
naked brand ;

While yet upon his own he calls and deals his blows
around,

Reeling with wounds, the courser falls, 'neath his master
to the ground.

Scarce had he fallen, when a knight pricked forth his
gallant steed ;

Lo ! spur and rein the courser strain to aid the monarch's
need ;

Sore press upon the knight his foes ; his arms wear
many a stain,
But his foemen fall beneath his blows, as the sickle sheds
the grain.

“ Mount, mount, good King ! my destrier,” the gallant
champion cries ;
“ We’ll bravely carry thee where’er the foeman’s banner
flies ;
Look round thee, king ! for far and near thy harnessed
champions fall,
As though for aye were dimmed the star of gallant
Portugal !

“ Death and dismay beset thine host—their blood it
streams like water !
Good master ! mount ; for all is lost in this sad day of
slaughter—
Fly, fly, good king ! your knights implore ! Here,
master, seize the rein,
I would not have thee see the gore that streams the
battle-plain !

“ Woe worth the day !” Sebastian said ; “ I marshalled
ye for fight !
That I should see my champions dead, or worse, in
coward-flight !

I take thy proffer, loyal knight ! as freely as 'tis given ;
Be thy truth to save me from the grave, thy best
reward in heaven !”

The champion flingeth down the rein. Dismount !—he
can but try ;—
For freshly gusheth every vein, and Death doth glaze
his eye—
The reeling corse the king receives, the champion's
battle's o'er ;—
The monarch weeps—the knight, he sleeps the sleep
that wakes no more !

BOABDIL'S LAMENT.

THE Moorish king doth ride alone, alone without his
host ;
And many a tear and bitter groan proclaim Alhama
lost ;—
He rideth from Elvira's gate forth through Granada's
town,
That town he swayed, as king of late, with sceptre and
with crown.

Woe betide the hapless hour when king Boabdil heard
That fallen was Alhama's tower beneath the Christian
sword,

Woe worth the messenger ! Woe worth the tidings
that he bore !

He smote the trembling slave to earth, the hated tidings
tore.

Then vaulted on his steed, the rein he grasped with
trembling hand,

Fate darkly whispered—"Christian Spain would yet
sway Moorish land !"

Along the Zacatin he guides his mettled Arab roan,
And thousands eye him, as he rides, a *king without a
throne !*

And scarce within Alhambra's wall, the king his entry
made,

When Zegrís, to his aid he calls, Alfaquí and Alcayde ;—
"Let every trumpet peal ?" he cried, "within Elvira's
gate ;—

Spread our Prophet's jewelled banner wide ! Allah ! God
is great !

"Peal every trumpet ! Let the drum thunder the note
of war !

Alhama's lost! The Christians come! Blaze every
scymitar!—

Peal every gong and atabal with a burst shall rend the
skies,

Be vengeance for Alhama's fall, the Moslem's
Paradise!"

The Moors upon the Vega, and the Moors within the gate,
Hear in the blast their King's command, as 'twere the
tongue of Fate;

With breathless speed and sweating steed they press in
full career;

With scymitar bare, they smite the air, and tilt the
burnished spear.

Obedient to that warlike blast they stand in glittering
ring,

When a hoary Moor spake out at last:—"Wherefore
that summons, king?"

"Wherefore?" the king replied, with brow now pale,
now red with fear;

"Alhama is the Christian's now—read thou my summons
there!"

Then spake an old Alfaqui, hoar and weak with years he
stood:

“Remember, king! thy palace-floor is stained with
Moslem blood;
The Abencerrages’ blood was shed within this very
room;—
In Alhama’s cold and spectral dead, king! read *thou*
thy doom!”

BOABDIL’S FAREWELL.

THERE’S weeping in Granada’s town; there’s wailing
near and far;—
Dim is the Zegri’s emerald crown, and waned the Crescent
star!
Alfaquis chaunt the Prophet’s praise, as they move in
sadness on,
While monks their pious voices raise to the glory of the
Son.

Where the Crescent, late, its lustre shed, a milder glory
falls,
For the bannered cross is widely spread within Granada’s
walls;

Within the mosque the Christian kneels, without are
Christian spears,
And as "*Te Deum*" loudly peals, the Moor drops
burning tears.

Wave high the banners of Castille above the Christian
band ;
Bursts forth in wild and joyous peal ;—" The Moor hath
left the land ;"
March on the Moslems through *one* gate, their pennons
drooping low ;
Through the *other*, come with step elate, the proud,
exulting foe !

His beard he tore ;—the gems he wore, tramples the
king to earth ;
While his *Spahis* heard Boabdil pour these words of
sadness forth ;
" Fair city of my home and faith ! Granada, *fare thee
well !*—
For love of thee, his latest breath thy king would dearly
sell !

" The Moor, full seven hundred years, within thy wall
held sway ;
Woe worth the Christian for the tears he makes us shed
to-day ;

In thee I drew my earliest breath, but far from thee
shall die.

Mahoun! avenge Granada's faith! Thy sword smite
Christentie?

"Mother of gentle Dames wer't thou, of high and
honored name;

Thou'st wove for many a champion's brow the chaplet of
his fame;—

For years of deadly hate we've striven 'gainst yon'
exulting Lord,

And hoped to find the Moslem heaven lay 'neath the
Christian's sword!

"Thy children's hopes, alas! were vain, though we
struggled, toiled and bled;

Better than wear this galling chain, thy suffering sons
were dead!

Granada! look upon thy Chief! Fair city look thy last!—

Granade! Alhambra! Generalife!—your day of glory's
past!

"There's not a flower within thy walls that is not
doomed to die;—

No fount again within thy halls shall glad the gazer's
eye—

Crownless and sceptreless, I leave my cradle—kingdom—
home—

A pilgrim doomed—mayhap the wave may prove
Boabdil's tomb !”

He said, and gave his barb the rein ;—his knights and
cavaliers

Begirt their monarch's mourning-train with their bright
and glistening spears ;

When lo ! a voice upon his ear like wind that lulls the
wave ;—

“ Better, my son ! than *thou* be here, Granada were thy
grave !

“ People and kingdom, all are gone ! Son, wherefore
dost *thou* breathe ?

Down with yon' waving gonfalon ! your swords, ye
traitors, sheathe !

Thou'st hung upon these breasts, but now this arm
could smite thee dead ;

For I spurn the brand in a craven's hand, as the crown
on a traitor's head !”



LEGENDS AND SUPERSTITIONS
OF
IRELAND.



THE ENCHANTED RING;

A TALE OF FAËRIE.

THE sun is high; and hound and horn
Breathe welcome echo to the morn,
As from the mountain-top it flings
Those treasured hues, that lay through night,
Deep-folded in her dusky wings,
To gild its path with gems of light—
A summer's morn! The earth and air
Seem wrapt in holy dream, as 'twere
That glorious dawn, when first God sent
Light thro' the murky firmament,
Dispelling cloud and vapor far
As rose Creation's morning-star,
Flinging her myriad hues, unfurled
Like banner bathed in rainbow-light,
Waking from Chaos' chains, a world
Had lain, 'till then, in dreams of Night—
And earth and air,—the very skies
(As one by one the stars of even
Close up their ever watchful eyes,

And melt into the blue of heaven)
Seem rev'ling in that golden ray,
Baptizing the approach of Day—
For earth hath donned her mantle green,
The flower shakes off its midnight dew ;—
Twinkles the grass its emerald-sheen,
The harebell bares her breast of blue—
And Summer's bells are sweetly ringing
From leaves just op'ning to the day,
And birds, bright morning's minstrels, singing,
Like spirits, their sweet matin-lay ;—
All—all would seem, as Paradise
Again were in this world of our's,
Restoring the lost light that lies
Deep in the shade of Eden's bowers !
The woods, they ring with many a note
Of shrill horn, answered from the throat
Of baying hound ; whose pointed ear
Pricks at the sound of huntsman's cheer,
Waking the timid, couching hare
From the deep covert of her lair—
And now sweeps on the panting steed,
With the breathless flight of arrowy speed ;—
The straining nostril swollen wide,
The rowel deep in his sweating side,
The full dark eye, like orb of light,

The ear pricked up at hound's full bay,
As pants the war-steed at the sight
Of legions marshalled for the fray !
Prince Cormac heads the gallant band,
No doughtier prince through Erin's land
To lead the host or follow hound,
Or lead the way where trumpet-sound
Points out the hero's crimson path
Through glory's shout or shriek of death—
The chase he heads, through vale and plain
With sweating steed and slackened rein,
Now cheers the hound, now swells the cry
Of merrie huntsman's revelry ;—
His snowy plume, like banner high
Waved in the van of chivalry,
Points to the jocund troop the way
Where cowers the expected prey—
But hark ! what means that distant cry ?
Checked are the steeds, and ev'ry eye,
As when the ambushed cannonade
In showers pours its fiery rain
From the thick forest's covert shade,
In slaughter on the battle-plain,
Is strained to catch the sounds that bring
Strange tidings upon Echo's wing—
“The prey is our's !” Prince Cormac cried ;

And pricking his proud courser's side ;
As speeds the shaft by bowman shot,
The barb obeys the slackened rein,
And cheerily the bugle-note
Rings out its music once again—
On, on they dash, like waves of river,
Darting away from its silver quiver ;—
On, on, where the baying hound doth lead,
Through tangled furze or grassy mead—
Through the wide open plain they skirr,
With foaming steed and blooded spur ;
Of aught unmindful save the yell
Of hound, each moment rising through
The echoing depths of yonder dell,
Now bursting on the huntsman's view.
The Prince alights ; and clamb'ring down
The rocky height, that, like a crown,
Begirts that sweet, sequestered dell
(Meet resting-place for fairy-spell),
Through withered branches broke his way,
Whence rose the pack's still ceaseless bay ;
When, quicker than the thought of dream,
Breaks on his ear a human scream,—
A scream of agony and fear,
As though the parting soul had giv'n
All anguish forth could load it here,

Ere 't took its last farewell to heav'n.
Nor passed a moment, ere he sprang
Amid the pack that stood at bay
With fiery eye and whetted fang,
For the last leap upon their prey—
An old and haggard form stood there,
With furrowed cheek and hoary hair,
And palsied form, and wrinkled brow,
A hundred winters might have strown
With thin and scattered hairs of snow,
For Youth's bright sunny locks of brown—
One long shrill blast, and ev'ry hound
Cowers full low upon the ground ;
And quoth the Prince ; " What would one here,
In place so lone, so old as thou ?
Giv'st thou the dead a prayer or tear ?
Or cam'st thou here for holy vow ?"
" It boots not now ; but one boon more
Awaits me from thee ere we part ;
And length of days, and golden store
(Such as might glad a Prince's heart)
Youth, shall be thine--." She paused a while,
And o'er her fleshless face a smile,
As sunlight o'er the desert strays
In Autumn's bleak and stormy days,
Half-mirthfully, half-sadly played,

Like straggling rays through forest-shade ;
And from her eyes there shot a light,
All faint as that on summer's night,
That quivers one brief moment ere
'Tis quenched in the cold midnight air :
Nor more she said, but waved her hand ;
Aghast, the knight half-drew his brand—
Yet quickly thrust it back again,
As though he felt the burning shame
That dyed his cheek with crimson stain,
Branded the craven on his name—
“Put up thy sword ! it hath no fear
For one whose sands so near are run ;—
Why pull the leaf that Autumn's sere
May wither ere the set of sun ?
Come, follow me,—but youth, beware !
For human hope and human prayer
May offer up the heart's last sigh,
Ere, 'mid the mystic depths of sea,
Or treasures between earth and sky,
They find the wealth that's doomed for thee !”

* * * * *

Now on a lake's still shore they stand,
Whose waters in the moon-lit beam,
As lambently they kiss the sand,
Scarce seem to wake from that sweet dream

Of far-off worlds, that heaven pours
At midnight, from its starry bowers—
Still are the waves,—as still, as Death
Had hushed them with his icy breath;
And wind and wave were laid to sleep,
On the cold bosom of the deep,
Wrapt in that lonely spirit-shroud,
Half woven of moonbeam and of cloud—
Low breaks the music on the strand
Of ev'ry wave that bears from far
The silver tones of spirit-land,
Like echoes caught from falling star;
And ev'ry murmur as it dies,
Dissolves in seraph harmonies!
“Lo! ev'ry wave is sleeping now,
Fair youth!” she said, “and soft and low
Falls the sweet hymn that ev'ning sings
Ere Day folds up his golden wings—
But, 'neath that wave a treasure lies,
Such as for erring soul might win
Again the gates of Paradise,—
Unsay the doom of mortal sin—
A magic ring, long sought in vain,
Within those waves for years hath lain;
Thine the venture now to seek
That long-lost ring, within the lake;

Thine the hazard—thine the prize
To find this treasure of the wave ;
Giving it back the light of skies
That gladdens ne'er the sea-shell's cave !"
"This, this be mine ?" the Prince replied—
His brow suffused with flush of pride :
"Now by yon' stars that look adown
From skies with light they guard and crown,—
By yon' pale orb like diamond set
In midnight's sparkling coronet,—
By every hope and every fear
That wings its flight from human heart,
Up to that virgin crescent-sphere ;
From those who love, weep, meet or part ;—
No talisman I ask or crave
To guard me from the treacherous wave ;
I seek no rite of fairy spell
But haste to do thy 'hest ;—Farewell !"

He said ; and, like the flight of deer
When hound and horn proclaim aloud
The fury of the chase is near,
Plunged 'mid the water's snowy shroud ;—
Nor passed a moment ere he felt
The nature that within him lay,

Link after link, dissolve and melt
Like mist before the sun, away ;
He saw the waters gliding by
As silver clouds in a summer sky,
Bathed in the pearly light that shone
In snowy showers from Dian's zone ;
They touched him not, but on they went
Music and light around them playing ;
Reflecting from the firmament
Each meteor from its bright home straying ;—
Around seemed one bright holiday,
Wave with wave in seeming play,
Each sporting with the silver band
The moon had flung on every crest,
To seal, with touch of her bright wand,
Their laughing eyes to midnight-rest :
Yes—yes, 'twas music all around,
And echo sent back spirit-sound
Of naiad's song and lone mermaid,
As tranquilly she twines her braid
In the clear wave that mirrors back
Her beauties from its silver track—
Oh ! 'tis a world as new, he feels,
As that the dreamer's sphere reveals ;—
When the wrapt soul in visioned trance
From earth, on wing of thought upborne,

Fixes on heaven that upward glance
It feels is kindred with the morn,
And earth and heaven in one unite
To make that dream a sphere of light !
But not the change around him cast
From what he saw on earth, when last
He looked on her green hills, and skies
Swathed in the garb of summer-dyes ;—
Not *there* the change alone ; he feels
A new-born spirit rise within—
A touch—a breath, like that which seals
The soul just winged from earth and sin.
'Tis blood no longer warms his veins,
Tainted and foul with mortal stains ;
Instead thereof a current plays,
As pure and fresh as that which ran
Through human frame in elder days,
Quickened by spark Promethean—
His eye hath now an angel's ken
To see delights denied to man ;
For brighter worlds are round him now,
Than ever burst on mortal view ;
Wreathed in the silver and the snow,
They catch from each wave's passing hue,
And flinging as they pass, a ray
That makes that world, eternal day !

Still, as he wings his watery track
A thousand mirrors give him back
An image, such as that might beam
On young Endymion in his dream,
When Luna, seen from Latmos' height,
Borne onward in her car of light,
Heard the secret low and deep,
Breathed like incense o'er his sleep,
As perfume winding through the cell
Of flower where it loves to dwell ;
She heard ; and, on a snowy ray
Of moonbeam, earthward bent her way,
Touching the dreamer's lips with kiss
That thrilled his soul with love and bliss :
Oh ! such the image bright, that passed
The mortal on his watery flight,
And the rich loveliness it cast
Seemed native to a heaven of light :—
He feels—he sees the change ; his hair
Hangeth in wavy ringlets down,
Bright as the beams of morning, where
They cluster into daylight's crown ;
And there's a beauty in his face
The limner's art might vain essay
In fancy's heavenly forms to trace
With pencil dyed in sunbeam's ray,

And model from an angel brought,
Creation of the poet's thought ;
His form ;—oh ! 'tis one waving line
Of beaming beauty, all-divine ;
Half-made of rays that played and shone
In streams of radiance round God's throne,
So bright we can but veil our eyes
Like seraphim in Paradise ;
And half of air, like clouds we see
In the deep blue's immensity ;
So light, so fleeting that they melt
Ere half their beauty's seen or felt,
Fading away in summer-rack
To their bright home in heaven back !
Yes, yes, he feels a change hath come
Like that which flings its spell around
The soul unprisoned from the tomb ;
Where death its wing so long hath bound ;
A change like that which Hope and Faith
Bring to the spirit after death ;
Immortal change Religion brings
To earth, down from her starry height,
Giving the dead a seraph's wings
To roam through spheres of endless light !
Oh ! rapture thus to feel the play
Of wing immortal cleave the way—

The bright pathway to angels given,
That points their native home in heaven ;—
To feel the dull and senseless clod
At touch of spirit melt away,
Sealed by the impress of a God,
Ere it hath turned again to clay.
Still on he wends his journey bright,
Like arrow loosed from bow of light,
Flying onward, as the waves retreat
In silver masses on each side ;
Like the suspended winding-sheet
Of foam that shrouds the mountain-tide—
But hark ! he stays, for voices tell
The secrets of this mystic sphere,
In tones of sweetness such, that well
A spirit e'en might pause to hear—
They come in notes far sweeter than
Ever was waked by minstrel-hand,
'Mid strings of an Æolian,
In wand'ring air from mountain-land ;—
And these the words that float along
Each swelling wave that laughs with song.
“Down, down to our home in the deep! Come away !
It hath not the light of your earth-born day ;
But oh ! it hath radiance lovelier far,
For each gem-studded wave hath the light of a star !
And our halls with crystal and silver shine,

Reflecting, like mirrors, the colors that twine
With their bright wreaths of pearl and sapphire, that vie
With the brightest we see in your own summer-sky—
Come down, then, come down ! for our banquet is spread
Of soft dews, oh ! far sweeter than rose ever shed ;
And our goblets of pearl with nectar are filled,
More delicious than honey-bee ever distilled,
And then for our song, sweet as ever was heard
At the first blush of spring from her favorite bird :
Not your lark's, nor your nightingale's notes, as they fall
Can rival it ;—no—oh ! 'tis sweeter than all !
For our's is the gush of the musical wave,
As it dashes and ebbs from the coral-lit cave ;
And the echo from each liquid wave, as it swells,
Awakens the answer of murmuring shells—
And our's is the anthem of Freedom that flies,
Like meteor undying, from mountain to skies,—
A theme that finds echo wherever is heard
The boom of the wave or wild note of the bird—
And thine shall be Love, oh ! unchangeably bright
As the moon of your earth on a long summer-night ;
Living on—living on 'mid unwithering hues,
And exhaling to heaven, like rose-born dews—
Then welcome, fair youth ! to our home in the deep,
For lulled is each wavelet to pillow thy sleep ;
And the lamp that we light to watch over thy dream
Shall be fed from the diamond of wave and moonbeam.”

As o'er the water stilly mute
Are hushed the dying tones of lute,
When sweetly stealing o'er the crest
Of wave its music breathes to rest,
So fades the Naiads' melody,
Like the soft ripple from the oar,
Or wave, whose echoes break and die,
At even on some distant shore—
And scarce the list'ning ear had dwelt
On the far echoes, as they melt
From wave to wave, in music playing,
Like summer-wind 'mid harp-strings straying,
Ere 'round the knight, with wings outspread
Stood spirits in bright retinue
With emerald crown upon the head,
And raiment of the ocean blue—
And 'round the stranger many a maze
Of circling light they sport and play ;
As insects wanton in the haze
Of sunshine brief on summer's day ;—
While from the conches that they bear
Such mystic sounds enchain the ear,
Half-speech, half-music ; notes that dwell
In richest union, lovers say,
When sings the love-lorn Philomel
From midnight to the dawn of day—

All beautiful as Day they stand
Weaving its halo of the light
It wakens with its golden wand
From cradle, where the starry night
Had wrapt it in her mantle cold
Of many a dark and dusky fold—
A moment, and at signal given,
Like lightning darting down from heaven,
The troops of radiance part in twain,
While rings out sweet and airy strain
From wreathed shell, and as it dies
In eddies of rich harmonies,
A form, more glorious—brighter far
In stature—beauty than the rest;
Radiant with beams, as Day's own star
Smiling in glory in the West,
There stands, surrounded by a zone,
Like rainbow, that around her shone,
Blending the galaxy of dyes
That decks the noontide in the skies,
With the rich hues that float and glide
In streams of light on summer-even
O'er ocean's calm impurpled tide,
Like pilgrims from their native heaven—
The spirits, each his emerald crown
Lays at her feet in homage down,

While their sweet voices accents raise
Of blended harmony and praise—
That scarcely e'en can rapture dwell
On those rich notes that gush and rise
In union sweet of voice and shell
Where ocean's mystic music lies ;
For Cormac sees the magic ring
A flood of em'rald lustre fling
Upon the band ; so bright, intense,—
It almost dazzles mortal sense !
But what the rapture mute that bound
His wond'ring soul, at the rich sound
Of Naiad-harmonies that pour
Their music on that magic shore,
When accents from the spirit's lip
On his tranced ear as lightly break,
As those ye hear in the feathery dip
Of swallow's wing in a sunny lake—
“ Mortal ! this magic ring is thine ;—
Yes, *thine* alone the glitt'ring prize,
Hath tempted thee to realm divine,
Unlocking all its mysteries !
For thou hast seen the spirit's form
That rides in wrath upon the storm ;
Lashing the crested wave to foam,
And 'gulphing in its madd'ning play,

Souls to their last and dreary home,
That o'er its treacherous bosom stray—
And thou hast heard the gentle strains,
Soft as steal o'er your summer-plains,
When winds, like harps that angels sweep,
Give dreams to flowers as they sleep ;
The strains with which we spirits wake
At morn the waves upon the lake,
And lull them to their evening-rest,
When twilight curtains the bright West—
And thou hast seen the silver sheet
That bursts in revelry upon
The beach, where light and music meet,
Like children of the midday sun ;
Flinging around in diamond-showers,
Gems that fade not through Time's long hours ;
Speaking to earth those harmonies
That quicken the eternal ocean ;
When sound stole o'er it from the skies,
And gave its stagnant surface motion !
Yes, all thou'st seen from the light spray
That wantons on a summer's day
To the swing of the sullen and hollow boom
Of the wave that closes for ever—in doom !
Now, wing thy flight for earth ;—yet stay,
Or ere thou seek'st the light of Day— !”

The spirit paused, and fixed her gaze
Upon the ring, whose emerald blaze
Shot far and near through spray and foam,
Lighting them up like pillared dome,
Spirits had piled from the bright waves
That clustering lay in jewelled heaps ;
Like diamonds in those murky caves
Where starlight in its calmness sleeps.
But scarcely had he ta'en the ring,
When, as on fancy's buoyant wing,
Through depths of earth, and sea, and air,
'Mid all most beautiful and fair,
E'en beyond ocean, where the day
Gilds the far shores of rich Cathay,
From the deep sea-cave, where the night
Couches on the soft billow's foam,
Up to the star-crowned mountain-height,
Where morning builds her golden home ;—
From the bright Paradise that erst
Held joys unfading as the flowers
Of its eternal spring, when first
Day woke the perfume of its bowers,
To that bright heaven where angels rove
Through an eternity of love,
And light, and joy, from star to star,
Bearing upon their wings afar

That light from the Eternal's throne
That girds all heaven with its zone ;—
'Mid all the glories magic might
Summon from depths of day or night,
'Mid all the mysteries she can
Reveal to awe-struck gaze of man,
Leading him on in mystic track
Through the signs of her dark zodiac,
His trancéd spirit wrapt and borne,
Like dreamer on the wing of morn,
Soars far away in angel-flight
To worlds unseen by mortal eye ;
Each hazy cloud a car of light,
That floats in dreamy beauty by !
Fixed and motionless he stands,
Like statue from the sculptor's hands ;—
His eye, it sees not ;—yet a dream
Lies buried 'neath that half-closed lid ;
As oft we see the mid-day beam
Flash 'neath the billows where 'tis hid—
His wings repose in many a fold
Of blended emerald and gold,
And sense suspended hardly deems
If 't be, indeed, a Land of Dreams,
While misty visions floating by
Scarce lend impression to the eye ;—

“Is ’t life or death?” he cries; “or where
Dwells Cormac now, in earth or air?”
But ere the words from Cormac fell
In echo through the waves around,
He felt upon his soul a spell,
Heard in his ear—a sweeter sound
Than when the spirit’s choral song
Had floated in rich tide along,—
It was the Naiad’s self that spake
With voice as sweet, as when the breeze
Of summer floats upon a lake,
Or twines amid the drooping trees.

“By the silvery light
That the waves return
To the moon, when at night,
From her heaven-fed urn,
She sends down to mortals that beam from the skies
That lovers embalm for their own Paradise!
By the blushes that rise
To the rapturous kiss
When the soul and the eyes
In their short-lived bliss,
Speak each to the other, those murmurings deep
That break from the lips of Young Love in his sleep!
By the tear and the smile

Of a generous heart,
When it seeks to beguile
Our grief when we part ;
By that harrowing tear that at parting we shed,
And that saddest of all tears, we give for the dead !
By ev'ry bright star
Pavilioned on high,
Whose fiery car
Wheels its track through the sky,
Those shrines of the lover, those altars that bear
The heart's purest incense, its hope or despair !
By the hope and the faith
Thou hast pledged to me now,
By the dark brand of death
I've effaced from thy brow ;
By the undying life I have poured through each vein,
Thou art mine, thou art mine—Lo ! I've broken thy
chain !”
Is 't Music, thus, that woos his ear
With tidings from some angel-sphere,
Where night and day, the air that blows
O'er beds of bright, enamelled hue,
Scarce wakes the dreaming flower's repose,
Scarce from its bosom sweeps the dew ;
But scatters, as it glides along
Through its mystic path of Song,

From 'neath its outspread, rainbow-wing,
The harmony of endless Spring!
Oh! yes, 'twas Music's sweetest tone,
Such as we hear, when, one by one
The choristers of summer come
Forth from their sunny, scented home
In earth and air, with welcome sweet,
To sing the gladness of that hour,
When blushing Spring and Summer meet,
Rejoicing, in their nuptial bower—
A dream so lasting, so intense,
It seems to wrap—steep ev'ry sense
Of Cormac, as his fancy strays
In sleep, through dream-land's misty haze—
“Wilt thou be mine? To live through years
Darkened by neither grief nor tears,
Unchilled by Friendship's altered brow,
Unchanged by Passion's perjured vow,
Thine heart unwrung by earth-born grief
When loved ones die, like th' Autumn-leaf,
Mingling the dust of Earth's decay
With the sweets that burden a summer's day,
The tear and the sigh with the sounds that rise
From Nature's untold harmonies;
To change the clouds that throng the West
(When sinks the Sun on Ocean's breast)

For one long, bright, undying Day,
That Night can never chase away ;
And those pale gleams by moonlight shed,
Like vigils by the midnight-dead,
To change *them* for the light that darts
Like meteor from its lightning-quiver,
When wave from wavelet as it parts,
Flashes forth silver light for ever !”
“ Can this be mine ?” the prince replied ;
“ A Spirit be a Mortal’s bride ?
Canst thou the burning seal forget
That Immortality hath set
Upon thy brow, when Morning shone
First upon Earth, from God’s bright throne ?
Oh ! rapture, with thee, thus, to dwell
Through ages in thy sea-wrought home,
List’ning the song of wave and shell
In echo to the wreathing foam !
Will I be thine ? oh ! ask the flower,
Loves it not its own scented bower,
Where Morning gilds its bed, and Night
Steeps its slumbers in Moonlight ?
The bird that wheels its golden track
In joyous circles through the sky,
Whether you e’er could woo it back
To earth, to droop its wing and die ?

The water to return the ray
It hives within its silver cells ;
Where, through the sunshine-hours of day,
With Music it for ever dwells ?
No more, no more—I'm thine !" he said ;
But while he spake, a livid hue,
Like that we see upon the dead,
Over his brow a shadow threw.
The Spirit marked it—"Dost thou weep,"
She said, "for those in Death that sleep,
Or parted ties, that ne'er again
Can weave on earth their broken chain ?
Or weep'st thou aught—?" The tear that brake
From Cormac, more than language spake
The unbidden thoughts at heart, that rise
When earth and all her memories,
Ties and affections, joy and pain,
Throng thickly through his heart and brain—
"Let me see the earth once more," he cried,
"In all the glow of her summer-pride ;
The flower bursting at early day,
The lark trilling her roundelay,
Her matin-praise in every note,
As it gushes in joy from her liquid throat :
Cloud upon cloud, still higher and higher,
Ascending the morn like column of fire ;

Let me look again on the painted bed,
With its varied hues of blue and red,
As though it were stained with ev'ry dye
That streams at night through the galaxy ;
Oh ! let me see the winter cold,
Like monarch upon his throne of snow,
With his sceptre of ice, and his crown of gold
From the sun, like a halo, descend on his brow ;
The Spring and the Summer, like sisters twain,
As, wending their way thro' sweet banks of flowers,
They listen with rapture to each passing strain
That Nature from bird and stream lavishly pours :
And then the sad Autumn—his crown all of sere,
His mantle of withered leaves strown on the gale,
As he weeps his last tears o'er the corse of the year,
When in silence it lies in the leaf-buried vale !
Oh ! let me see this once again,
Nor let the mortal's prayer be vain !"
" What pledge have I that thou wilt come
Back again to thy Spirit-home ?"
" My faith—my life,—oh, all on earth
I have, or deem that life is worth—"
" I ask not pledge of *earth* to prove,"
Answered the Spirit, " mortal's love ;
For with *you* 'tis all weak and frail,
Like blossom trembling in the gale,

Or waving, like the downy spray,
Ere for ever in mist it passeth away ;
No—give me back that magic ring,
For certain pledge thou wilt return
Ere Night spreads out her sable wing
To cloud the glories of the morn :”
Kissing the circlet, bright of gold,
Whose burnished hues shone far and near,
Like the serpent’s crest of glistening fold,
Erect in the hour of death and fear,
He gave it back ;—“ Now—now I fly
Back to the realms of earth and sky ;
The earth, like a paradise, stretched to receive
In her bosom all loveliness heaven can give !
Joy—joy—now I wing for the earth and the air—”
The reply of the spirit was—“ Mortal, *Beware !*”
And scarce had passed that ominous word,
When, wending on his upward track,
This song, in accents Cormac heard,
So sweet they almost wooed him back :—

The Spirit-Bridal.

“ Go—gather the diamonds that float through the waves,
All sparkling with light through the long summer’s day ;
And let ocean give up from her hiddenmost caves
Every gem she holds purest and brightest of ray,

To deck with their sheen
The fair brow of our queen
For the bridal of Spirit and Mortal—Away !

“ And twine with the garland the beam of the moon,
As she tremblingly kisses the water at even,
Impearling the new-born flowers of June
With her own light that flows like a river, thro’ heaven ;
And blend with the wreath
Honor, Passion, and Faith,
To mortal, the purest and holiest given.

“ And with the beam mingle the hues that the bow
From its watery prism in harmony flings,
Emblazoned with colors as radiant as though
They had flashed from a wave of the Seraphim’s wings ;
Let every ray be
As bright as ye see
The Sun, when at morn from the Ocean he springs.

“ Then weave her a robe from a wreath of the foam
That the Storm-Spirit dashes in sport on the shore,
And braid it with pearls from the mermaid’s green home
Ye’ll find deep in the wave, ’neath its sapphire floor ;—
And the bridal-robe twine
With that rich golden line
That the summer-sun flings on the water, like ore.

“Take for her chariot the amber ye find
All fresh from the night-mourning sea-bird that weeps ;
And give her, for steeds, the fleet wings of the wind
As over the Ocean in winter he sweeps—

Haste, Spirits—away
From the regions of Day,
To depths, where the Dolphin in revelry leaps.

“And then for her chaunt, let the waves clap their hands,
And their anthem exultingly send to the skies,
As they laughingly break on the golden ribbed sands,
Each gushing its tribute of joy ere it dies—

Quick—for ere nightfall,
Shall echo this crystal hall
To spirit and wave as they blend their sweet harmonies !”

* * * * *

Now morning pours her golden light
In streams through vale, o'er mountain-height,
And Cormac, once on earth again,
Re-weaves Affection's shattered chain
And Memory's, that absence gave
In fragments to the silver wave—
The Spirit's gone, and all the man
Returns to kindle heart and vein ;

While earth's sweet mem'ries, one by one,
Teem in his throbbing soul again—
As weary bird from far-off cline
Returns, when Winter's reign is o'er,
To hail again sweet Summer's prime,
Basking upon its well-loved shore,
So wandered his enraptured eye,
From earth to wave—from wave to sky,
Draining that sweet, inspiring cup
That Memory's own hand held up,
Each drop, a link to bind that chain
The enchantress wove too fast again—
Yes, there was the Morning—in colors all dight
She had borrowed from flow'r-strewn vale and the height
Of the mountain ; where, throned upon many a fold
Of verdure, she sate in her vesture of gold ;
Her sceptre of light—her tiara of flowers
Resplendent with jewels from Night's dewy showers—
And the birds, too, were there, all exultingly springing
From their air-hanging nests through the clouds that
gave way,
As upward they soared, to their tumult of singing,
Sweet as echo e'er gave to the bowers of May—
And the flowery earth—the air, and the water
Were sending aloft to the throne of the skies,
That ocean of incense that Earth's fairest daughter,

Sweet Morning had culled from her own Paradise ;—
For the dew, like a diadem, circled the flower,
And the merrie bird sang from his moss-covered bower,
Every new-born odor its censer was swinging,
And the lark, Nature's matin-bell, merrily ringing !
Then slow, like a vision, passed Morning away
Her tenderness merged in the glories of Day ;
And the light rays, that trembled, like hue on the feather,
When Morning commenced her bright garland to gather,
Now clustered in power to form a crown
When the Sun from his golden tent looks sultrily down—
And over him radiantly hung the warm noon,
Her bright mantle wove by the fair hand of June,
Its texture was formed of the Summer's blue haze,
And inwrought with gold of the Sun's brightest rays—
While above spread the blue vault like palace some
hand
Had raised for its God, in a far sunny land,
Bright clouds piled the fabric with many a fold,
Its columns were air-hung—its portals of gold ;
And its base was the mountain eternal, that ne'er
Yet trembled to tempest in ocean or air !
And the flower all languidly drooped on its stem,
And frolicked the bee 'round each beautiful gem
That Morn, in her flight, from her zone had untwined
To brighten the path of the sweet summer-wind—

Now faded the splendors of Noon, and the Day
Like a vision of glory, passed quickly away,—
A vision, oh ! such as might rapture the eyes
Of Seraphim, ev'n in their own starry skies,
Where day unto day, and night unto night
Giveth answer in language of undying light,
While they gaze on the blent hues of rainbow and sun,
For ever around the invisible One !
Yes, the Noon passed away, and sweet Eve, like a maid,
That mourns her love in the sepulchre laid,
Put on her dusk veil, that over the flowers
Crept softly, like mists of invisible showers ;
For a shade was on all, and the earth seemed to weep
O'er the pall Evening spread on her children in sleep,
Closing their soft lids, as never again
To wake at the spell of air, sunshine or rain ;
And Eve, in her turn, gave way to the splendors
That Night to Creation in deep homage renders,
With the moon and the stars all like slaves in her train
Waving like harvest of gold in the grain !
There was silence above, and below, and around,
And the worshipper's ear vainly paused for a sound,
The wave of a leaflet, or even a breath
Might say, Earth was not the dark Valley of Death !
Hark ! heard he not one ? Yes, the lone nightingale,
As her night-chaunt of plaintiveness sweeps through
the vale,

Like spirit keeping watch with its mournful numbers,
While Night folds her wing in her dark, dreamless
slumbers.

Scarce had he heard the mournful lay
(Sad requiem of the by-gone Day),
When, like a torrent, broke on him
Remembrances all dark and dim,
Confused, as fragments of the sky
On stormy day in ocean lie—
The Enchanted ring—the water-sprite—
The solemn pledge to her he'd given,
That, ere the curtain of the Night
Had folded in the dreams of Heaven,
He would return ;—all—all come back,
Like lightning on its fiery track ;—
The heaving hope—the fear—the joy—
Swept through his soul, to blast—destroy !
He looked to heaven ; the moonlight pale
Scarce bordered midnight's sable veil,
Tinting the mountain with that hue
That crystallized the sleeping dew—
As though an adder stung his vein.
Cormac starts, and breaks the chain
Of dreamy thoughts that fixed his eye
In rapture spell-bound on the sky—

But hark ! what sounds are those that yonder
Break on the ear with the might of thunder ;
Sounds so ominous and drear
They almost stun the listening ear ?
Nearer and nearer on they come ;—
'Tis the clash of the wave in its terrible boom,
As it breaks in destruction and wrath on the shore,
Was all beauty and calmness a moment before !
Was it the Spirit's vengeance gave
Such fury to the crested wave ?
His broken pledge that lent the might
Of tempest to the waking night ?
He stays—he asks not—with the speed
Of storm-wing o'er the bending reed,
He rushes to the spot, where first
He heard the promise ;—blest or curst,
He recks not which—he asks not why,
For he feels the hour is come—to die !
And there—oh ! sight appalling—there—
(Like Death-hound crouching in its lair)
The haggard form, with garment torn
And hair dishevelled to the blast,
As he had seen her on that morn,
His eyes on earth had looked their last
To do her bidding, met his eye ;—
The Enchanted Ring she held on high,

The pledge of Cormac's broken faith ;—
“ Now, by that furious water-wraith
Thou'st summoned from her darksome cave,
Mortal ! yon' water is thy grave !”
And now the high waves, tempest-tost,
Come trembling onward to the shore,
E'en like a wild, disordered host
That rallies 'mid the battle's roar
It's broken columns ; while the white
Spray, shivered like a banner-sheet
That reels amid the maddening fight,
Where foes in deadly grapple meet,
Tosses, in shattered fragments high,
Its folds of foam 'twixt earth and sky ;—
With smile that played like flickering light
Of dying lamp at dead of night ;—
“ I am the Sprite,” she said ; “ Behold
The Sprite, whose beauty thou hast seen
Enshrined beneath those waves where gold
And emerald crowned the Naiad Queen ;
Oh ! vain amid this haggard form
Those lineaments of light to trace—
Vain as amid yon' bursting storm,
To catch one glimpse of heaven's bright face—
But thou hast disobeyed—forsworn
A Spirit's proffered love in scorn,

Disowned the feeling—rent the tie
That gave thee Immortality ;
And though the treasures of earth and sky
And water, in love were before thee laid,
Fool ! thou hast chosen thy doom—to die,
And clung to thine earth, where all things fade !”
Nor more he heard or saw ; for now
A heavy trance comes o’er his brow—
Heavy and dull as that we feel
When Death for ever sets his seal—
The waves in lashing fury come,
Like spectres, on in their shrouds of foam,
Wrapping him each in its snowy wreath,
Fit cerement for the halls of Death !
And, as he sinks, lo ! this the sound
That spreads, like mystic dirge, around ;—

The Spirit-Dirge.

Fare-thee-well—Fare-thee-well !
Like Music from shell
Thy spirit hath passed from Decay’s dark cell ;
And down in the deep
Oh ! soft be thy sleep,
With the Moon to watch o’er thee, and Spirits to weep !
Wail—wail for the Dead

On his watery bed,
Life's quiver is broken—its arrow is sped !
As the light of the Sun
Parts when Day is done,
So passeth Man's spirit when Life's goal is won—
Of the stars that at eve
Their gay bowers leave
For the Midnight a tissue of radiance to weave ; .
Ere the Night fall
In her cloudy pall,
Not a single star will ye see of them all—
E'en so, one by one,
All faded and wan,
Passeth away the brief morning of Man ;—
Like dew from the flower,
Sun-glance from the shower,
And Time herself from Eternity's hour ?
Like sound from the bell,
Like grief from the knell
We toll for the loved in their narrow-built-cell ;—
So the soul to the Giver,
As wave from the river
To Ocean, flight taketh—away—and—for ever !

EILEEN AROON;*

A LEGEND OF IRELAND.

[The beautiful Irish air, bearing the above title, is said to have originated from the following incidents.]

SUNSET's bright clouds are tinting with their dolphin-
hues the West;
And peace is spread o'er heav'n and earth, sweet
foretaste of that rest
Awaits the blesséd in the grave, when Life is past and
gone,
And draws its twilight-curtain 'round, like the set of a
summer-sun—
And groups of clouds are gathering to bid the sun
"Farewell!"
In his tent of gold and purple spread, where daylight's
glories dwell:
With their massive piles of light and hue, for their God
they weave a crown
That burns with spirit-glory on, 'till his last ray goes
down;

* Sweet treasure of my heart.

And strew his path with brightness such as ev'ning
 scarce can dim,
All lustrous as the shadows of God's own bright
 Seraphim—
How like the image of his God to man, that glorious
 sun,
Though palled in storm and darkness, still the same
 unchanging One ;
We dare not look upon his glory through the
 summer's-day,
But, like the Cherub veiled, we turn our guilty eyes
 away—
Fountain of light and joy ! whose effluence is felt
 where'er
The warm sky spreads its sea of blue, or breathes the
 summer-air ;
Thou gladd'st alike the human heart, and the depths of
 the scented flower,
Just waking from the dreams of Spring to revel its
 balmy hour ;—
The mount, the vale, the sea, the stream, yea, heav'n
 and earth proclaim
Thee, the great type of God himself, the glory of His
 name !
The summer-sun was sinking with a soft and mellow
 power,

The waves were hushed upon the stream, the leaves
upon the flower ;

With calm and drooping wing the bird hied to its moss-
built nest,

And sank to slumber, as it trilled its vesper to the
West—

There lay a holy peacefulness on ev'ry object 'round,
And Nature tuned her solemn hymn of ev'ry passing
sound ;

The bird's low note—the rustling leaf—the gushing of
the stream,—

All formed a melody might lull e'en an angel's dream,
And bring to earth again that holy Sabbath from the
skies

That fled our world for aye when Sin to Man lost
Paradise.

Alone within her garden-bower sate the fair *Eileen*,
Fairer by far than any flow'r that clustered there, I
ween ;

For, pale as virgin-snow, the lily's hue was on her brow,
And vermeil dyed her cheek, as roses blush at the night-
bird's vow—

Yet, there were thought and sadness there, the early
trace we find

When Passion woos the virgin-heart and leaves its
scathe behind ;

Like music on th' Æolian that the winds in passing fling,
And, dying, leave an echo sad still trembling on the
string;

So sad, that though you heard the lay in joy and
rapture speak,

You'd think the strings that echoed it in utterance must
break—

Oh! such the young heart's music is, and such its
earliest tone,

And scarce these bells have rung their first peal, ere
their mirth is gone!

And *Eileen* gazed upon the sun, a tear bedimmed her
eye

As she watched him slowly sinking down the glowing
western sky;

For parted friends and sundered hearts in heav'n and
earth behold

Types of dear ties long rent, and feelings long estranged
and cold;

For a clouded star or moonbeam, and a faded flower or
leaf,

Revive long-buried dreams,—they may be dreams of joy
or grief—

And sad the words that fell from her, as, looking on the
sun,

The slowly gath'ring twilight told her day was well-
nigh gone;

“Farewell, farewell! thy parting beams, as they faintly
 gild the sky,
Fall sadly on the heart, like those that light the dying
 eye;
And, with them, pass to an unknown land the memories
 in this,
That have numbed the soul with sadness, or enraptured
 it with bliss—
There’s not a smile we’ve looked upon, and not a tear
 we’ve shed,
Not a sweet word we’ve heard in Life, or muttered o’er
 the Dead;
Yes, all the holy thoughts within our lonely hearts that
 dwell,
Are centred in thy parting light—read in thy last
 farewell;
Like those, who, in the graveyard, read the lines of
 Love’s own hand,
And wake again the living from that silent Spectre-
 land—”
And scarcely had she spoken, when there stood within
 the bower,
The one who lent a sadness deepest to that holy hour;
“Nay, why so sad, my *Eileen*?” said the youth, as
 fondly pressed,
The maiden’s brow he kissed, that lay reclined upon his
 breast;

“ ’Twas not with tears thou met’st me, when, in happier
days than now,
Thine eye reflected all the truth that spoke in Love’s
young vow ;
No, no, thy smile was gladness then, and a sweet music
came
From ev’ry sound through day and night, that syllabled
thy name,
As the fragrant breath of Summer wafts to the lone
exile’s strand,
The odors that remind him of his far-off native land—
Oh, *Eileen!* while I cling to thee, I feel that thou’rt
mine own,
To one, who in this cold bleak world, without thee, were
alone ;
Through ev’ry change my guiding-star, my friend in
ev’ry fate,
To smile on all my joys, or weep when I am desolate—
To hear thee—see thee—call thee mine, is dearer far to
me,
Than even the lonely night-star to the mariner at sea !”
She answered not her lover ; but the burning tears, that
start
And fall upon his bosom, speak the language of the
heart ;
That deep, unuttered language, that the eye can speak
alone,

Like spirit-music heard far off at night, from hands
unknown—

She raised her head,—her eyes on his were fixed with
that deep truth

Which glads in this cold world awhile, alone the heart
of youth ;

And the word, half-trembling on her lip, was broken with
a sigh,

Whose image spoke in the gushing tear that dimmed
her full, dark eye :—

“Thou deem’st me sad—To-night we part ; but not as
yonder sun

Parts from the mountain and the vale to-day he shone
upon ;—

The flower that shuts its leaves, or ere the parting ray
declines,

Shall bloom afresh to-morrow, when the dawn of
morning shines ;

And the stream that sleeps as Twilight pours her
shadows on its breast,

Shall wreathe again its waves of gold when daylight
streaks the East !

But parted hearts—oh ! what are they whose only hope
is given

To break loved ties on earth, perhaps to meet again in
Heaven ?

And what their lot?—the faint—faint hope that Death
at last may come
To seal the faith by earth refused—yet treasured in the
tomb !”
“And wilt thou, Eileen, think of me when gone?” the
youth replied ;
And wilt thou in mine absence, keep thy faith as
’trothéd bride ?
And wilt thou, like those flowers that close their perfume
from the night,
Reserve its truth and faith, my Eileen, for the return of
light ?”
“ Ask all the deep-tried faith of woman—all her heart
can give ;
Her passion, hope, despair, triumph—whether she die or
live ;
And call upon the noblest name can bless the human
heart
In the joyous hour when lovers meet—the anguished
when they part,
Thou’lt find me true—Yes, Coulin ! true as though the
holy spell
Of Priest had called down blessings from the heaven
where they dwell ;
But ’t is not mine to give my hand as bride, nor mine to
claim

For husband, when my kindred frown in anger on his
name !”

The youth was silent : Thoughts that burned deep—
deep in his stung soul,

Rose to his lip, half hushed, half spoken, while the tear
that stole,

Had not the calm of grief that soothes the troubled soul
it speaks,

But the sultriness of summer-rain, as the cloud in
thunder breaks—

“ Is this thy last farewell, Eileen ? and is it thus we part ?
And must I live to see another clasped to that dear
heart ?

The exile’s thought—the captive’s chain, oh ! Eileen, I
could bear,

Though my daily meal were famine, and my cup the
burning tear !

This—this—and more ! but say not that my lot on
earth should be

Like those who tread Life’s waste, and live alone in
memory ;

As exiles pass from Paradise, and weep to think those
strains

That came from Angel-harps are hushed for ever o’er her
plains—”

She looked on him in sadness, while the shadows deep
that fell,

(Dark images that vigil keep within the heart's lone cell)
Lent holiness to beauty, like the passing shadow shed
In Life's last moment, o'er the brow and visage of the
Dead—

“Then let us part in sadness, Eileen! as though we'd
never met;

The Sun, whose noon is darkness, must in clouds and
anger set—

Yes, part as those to whom their hearts nor joy nor hope
hath given,

Whose long—long day hath never known a single ray
from heaven;

Oh! had we never loved—the fear—the danger this
hour brings—

The anguish of the last hope that, 'mid all that's wrecked,
still clings

To the last spar our fate hath flung upon Life's stormy
wave;—

We'd not have known, but sunk content to the cold and
peaceful grave—

Then part we now! I dare not hear thy parting-tone,
nor bear

The thoughts that each loved tone revives in madness
and despair;

I love thee, Eileen! may the God who gave us hearts to
love,

Bless that last vow, where Truth and Faith alone reside
—above!”

Their meeting was in sorrow, and their parting was in
fear ;

Words answered not the maiden's vow, 'twas sealed by
Passion's tear ;

Night brought back dreams to both, of joys for ever
flown,

And Morn waked to their hearts a world wherein they
were alone.

* * * * *

The storm is not more cheerless to the drifting wild-
bird's wing,

Nor Autumn's breath more chilling to the flow'r that
felt the Spring,

Nor the sinking bark more hopeless, when the wave and
tempest rave,

Than parted hearts, who feel their only shelter is the
grave—

And Eileen's now alone : the light of other days is past,
She feels upon Life's darkest hour, her eyes have looked
their last ;

The Present hath no joy—the Future like a dark waste
lies,

And the heart, like bark dismasted, stands alone 'neath
stormy skies ;

Well, better thus to sink at once—to break ere ev'ry
 string
Of joy and hope be snapped to which in this cold world
 we cling.
Oh! happy they, who've seen the worst—the darkest
 Life can send,
The hopeless heart—the blighted joy—the false and
 heartless friend,
Whose sky can give no blacker hue than that they now
 behold,
Whose hearts no winter darker than the Present, bleak
 and cold;
Who've gazed upon the stars of Life, and seen them one
 by one
Blotted by gath'ring Night, until the last pale watcher's
 gone;
And turned from heav'n to earth, and found Life's
 gath'ring gloom
Was darker far, than that which *hope* assigned the
 cheerless tomb!
Calmly they stand, resigned to fate; like those, who,
 'mid the shock
Of sky and wave, all silently survey the distant rock,
Where the tempest's madd'ning fury drives them
 steerless, hopeless on,
'Till the last wild scream that strikes the heaven, tells
 them all is gone!

And Eileen's now alone! yet no! There's not a light
that breaks—

A passing sound, but Memory her mournful language
speaks ;

For broken hearts live in the Past, like weeping eyes
that trace

On the cold tomb-stone, the form they loved, the smile
that lit the face ;

And Coulin's image still was there, like the light that
falls from far

Deep on our hearts, from the holy urn of Ev'ning's
silver star ;

And it spoke to her in sorrow, and it knelt with her in
prayer,

And she felt there was a rapture, less in joy than in
despair—

But there's a deeper pang, perhaps, than the parting
moment bears—

A pang too oft atoned by life or the heart's own
burning tears,

A pang, that, once endured, for ever quenches hope and
calm,

Too strong for life, and scarce in death the martyr finds
a balm—

'Tis when the name we love as life, and cherish as our
own,

Within whose holy spell is centred all we've felt and
known
Of happiness, is slandered to the trusting heart and ear,
And falsehood taints the purity our soul believed in
here.
A year had passed—no tidings came, and not a word
was spoken
By those around her of that name—that loved tie they
had broken ;
By lips, save her's, that name unuttered—no eye, save
her's, to weep
O'er that lonely grave they'd made her heart, and that
dead one there asleep—
A long—long year had passed, and yet poor Eileen's
heart was true,
As the mountain-snow doth mirror back each passing
rainbow-hue,
Yet scarcely lingered there the hope that even the
dying eye
Feels, once again to see the parted ere the hour to die—
*The chain of silence now is shaken, and the spell that
dwelt so long
Around the maiden, is dissolved by Murmur's busy
tongue,

* An Irish proverb.

And they whispered in her ear a tale of malice' darkest
hue,
That hope would strive to think it false, though fear
believes it true.
They tell Eileen, that absence hath a charm to soothe to
sleep
For ever hearts and eyes that Love hath too oft taught
to weep ;—
That change can give forgetfulness, and other eyes can
win
From the heart the faith and warmth that passion hides
so deep within,
That Love himself his changes hath, ev'n as the passing
air
Which fans the flower to-day, to-morrow leaves it dead
and bare,
And, like the bird of passage, seeking change of clime
and sky,
Love suns himself in every beam that lights a lovelier
eye !
And Eileen hears the tale that mounts, like madness to
her brain,
And strives to crush out Coulin's image from her heart—
but vain !
Vain for the heart to blot out that which Passion's hand
hath writ,

Or break the bands that memory 'round the holy past
hath knit,
'Tis the writing on Belshazzar's wall, and man may well
despair
To blot the characters of light a God hath written there!
False—false to her! oh! would that ere she'd given her
heart to him,—
Ere, as now, that trusting heart was broken—that bright
eye was dim,
She'd known that man was faithless, and that vows of
breath were made,
And Love himself, like star-light in the water, but—a
shade—
And Eileen's now deserted, and her heart is broken—
lone,
And the reed she leant on, pierced it, and the voice,
whose well-loved tone,
Like waters, heard by moonlight, came with tidings from
that far
Far flowery world Love hath built beneath his evening-
star,
Comes back on her, like those same waters, heaved and
tossing high,
Whose moaning bears the tale of death and shipwreck
to the sky—

Yes, yes, she feels the tale is true—"Coulin! I had
been blest

Had thine own hand closed Eileen's eyes to their long—
eternal rest,

Had thine own hand wrung the last drop that warms
this breaking heart,

Than live to find thee false as now—or met thee—thus
to part!

Oh! farewell, Truth, Religion's light—all that we hope
or fear,

The Faith would light the future and the joys that wait
us here ;—

Farewell to every vow—to every tie that Passion binds
'Round woman's heart they sport with as the ocean with
the winds!

Farewell—farewell! 'twas but a dream,—but such, oh!
ne'er was given,

Save only to those hearts whose joys had made this
earth their heaven,—

A dream of sunshine and of flowers would woo an angel's
eye

E'en from the God-made beauties that adorn his own
bright sky!"

The spell's dissolved—the vow is broken--broken in one
brief word ;—

The vow that Love had breathed to her, and Faith
herself had heard ;—
And Eileen lives—yes, thus, may live the heart still in
despair,
As the harp may hang, though music's spirit dwell no
longer there—
There is no joy for Eileen, now,—no light is in her eye,
The night to her is not more dark than noonday's azure
sky ;—
Nature hath closed on her that page she loved to read
so well,
Where all that's fair in heaven and earth in holy beauty
dwell ;—
The stream hath lost its music, and the violet its hue,
And the stars no longer speak to her from heaven's
depths of blue,
The bird is silent, and there is no freshness in its wing,
And Eileen hath forgot to feel, like a dull and senseless
thing !
Unheedingly she sits like one whose dreams are far
away
In other worlds, where Truth and Love can never know
decay ;
Her once bright eyes are full of tears, anon they are as
dry
As the parched earth of the desert 'neath a cloudless,
burning-sky,

And her lips are seen to move, but still they mutter, aye,
the same

Dear spell that conjures all the past—'tis false—false
Coulin's name !

They've plucked the flower ;—'twere better far, than
thus to leave behind

Its dry and withered leaves a prey to every passing wind,
T' have rent it leaf by leaf from off the stem whereon it
grew,

Than leave it, thus, to linger 'mid its fragrance and its
hue—

And Falshood well hath played his part, and plausible
the tale

Hath 'reft that heart of all its treasures—turned that
cheek so pale ;

For not contented with the wreck of happiness and heart,
Her fable's but the parent to a fouler—darker art ;

'Tis not alone estrangement from the heart was once her
own,

From a heart so true, it loved her of all here—the best—
alone—

They seek ; but give her to another ;—a heart so cold—
so dead ;—

As well they might have placed a corse at altar-step to
wed !

In vain we listen for the nightingale's fond midnight-
lay,

When the Gul's leaves are faded, and their beauty's
past away—

Can the harp-string yield an echo when touched by a
stranger's hand,

Can its soul pour forth its music from its own wild
spirit-land,

No—no, the melody that woke the soul with master-key
To deeds of olden time must die, like hushed wind o'er
the sea !

But the world is dark and dreary, and Eileen's now
alone,

And the summer-air hath not a breath nor human voice
a tone

Can give her back those early dreams of life that once
she felt,

When her own heart held the idol at whose shrine she
daily knelt.

They tell the maiden she must wed—that she's forgotten
now,

And they mock her pallor with the rose they 'twine
around her brow,

And they tell her still she's beautiful as in Love's long
by-gone prime,

When the bells of her bright morning rang out with
their merry chime,

And her path was all of flowers, and her summer—one
long day,

And her own heart mirrored beauties that her eye saw
far away—

Oh! vain to twine again the garland 'round youth's
sunny braid,

To weave past hours once more of leaves whose destiny's
to fade,

Revive the ray that kindled once so brightly in the eye,
And summon back the hues of morn to gild our sunset-
sky ;—

Vain, vain as they who look in silence on the clay-cold
face,

And think the soul and speech of Life here once again
to trace!

And Eileen feels 'tis mockery to say she's lovely now,
That light, as erst is in her eye, or grace upon her brow ;
For she feels that both are faded now—yes, faded, oh !
how soon !

Like early flowers that die or ere they taste the breath
of June—

They speak to her of love, and still they press on her the
theme,

And Eileen sits, unheeding, as though it were a
dream ;—

The very word—the bridal-hour—the blithe and joyous
throng,

The merrie bells—the blooming wreath—the brides-
maids' welcome-song ;

Yes, all is there before her, even as Fancy's self can
limn,

But she strains her eye for one alone, and calls alone on
him!

* * * * *

They have decked her robe with flowers, and her hair
with many a gem,

But her eyes are cold and dull, they have no light, alas!
like them,

And friends are pressing 'round her now with greetings
kind and warm,

And knightly eyes are looking now with envy on that
form,

And they wish her long and happy days, for Eileen's
now a bride;—

But they see not the slow—unbidden tear she turns
away to hide—

Oh! better have laid that trusting heart in the cold—cold
bed of Death,

Than in Life's last moment, thus, have wrung from its
core a perjured faith;

They have made it swear a vow to God that it never
can fulfil,

While love reigns in that broken heart or Life's warm
pulses thrill—

Well, mirth and revelry are there, and the bridegroom
whispers low

Vows that might well have called the blush to another's
cheek and brow,—

Yet Eileen answers not—no, no ! she sits, like a statue
there

All silent, as the night-winds pass o'er Autumn's
branches bare.

Now mirth and song wax high, and eyes flash light and
joy around,

And merrily the dancers gay with measure beat the
ground ;

When suddenly a pause is made to hear the strains that
rise

From a minstrel old, who stands aloof in meek and
lonely guise.

“ And is it thus we part ?

Eileen Aroon !

Wilt thou, then, break this heart ?

Eileen Aroon !

'Mid hours of grief and fear,

If I but thought thee near

Sorrow forgot her tear,

Eileen Aroon !

Well, well, 'twas but a dream ;

Eileen Aroon !

Hearts, like the sunny stream,
Eileen Aroon !

A moment in light may play,
But, ere the noon of Day,
In darkness they glide away ;
Eileen Aroon !

Yet, would I dream again,
Eileen Aroon !

Though Love and Hope were vain—
Eileen Aroon !

Though of the garland twined
Scarce *one* withered leaf we find,
Yet, Memory's left behind,
Eileen Aroon !

Would I had died for thee,
Eileen Aroon !

Ere I had lived to see
Eileen Aroon !

Truth herself pledge her vow
With cold heart and shameless brow
Or meet one as false as thou,
Eileen Aroon !

Thou hast broken Love's fetter,
Eileen Aroon !

But *can* one love better,
Eileen Aroon !
Than he who remembers yet
That last lovely sunset
Where Eileen and Coulin met,
Eileen Aroon ?”

Hushed is the minstrel’s harp ;—its tones are still as
though they ne’er
Had wakened Eileen’s slumbering heart, long frozen
by despair ;—
Yes, hushed the harp ;—and many eyes in wonderment
survey
That old and trembling form that sings youth’s saddest—
sweetest lay ;
But a wild scream dissolves the charm—’Tis Eileen that
they hear,
As she clasps her hands, and gazes on that hoary form
with fear ;—
The minstrel’s robe is doffed—before them Coulin
stands confest,
A moment—and he clasps Eileen to that fond and
faithful breast !
One kiss—one burning kiss of Youth and Love, whose
rays
Re-kindle now that embered flame that burned in
by-gone days,

Is madly pressed upon that cheek, paler and paler
growing,
As life's last drop, at every pulse, is ebbing fast and
flowing ;—
Still parts her hair from that fair brow—supports her
sinking head ;—
Upon her name he madly calls—*Eileen Aroon is dead !*

THE SPIRIT-BRIDEGROOM.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

CLANAWLEY'S towers are ruined and lone,
 Not a sound in her halls is heard,
 Save the grass, as it waves o'er the mouldering stone,
 Or the ivy that mournfully answers the moan
 Of the ominous midnight-bird.

No longer the minstrels of old Innisfail *
 Tune their harps at the festival board
 To the fair light of beauty, and chivalry's tale,
 When the Red Branch Knights † in harness and mail,
 Drank a pledge to Clanawley's proud lord ;

For the curse of a Spirit hath been on those walls,
 Like the tempest, to smite and to slay ;
 And the shriek of the owl in her moss-covered halls,
 And the echo that speaks from the stone as it falls,
 Tells the tale of her long by-gone day—

* An ancient name of Ireland.

† An ancient order of chivalry in Ireland.

Oh ! happy that day ; the last fair one that shone
On those towers of stateliest pride ;
For never saw morning a gladlier sun,
Nor was bridegroom e'er gayer than he who had won
Clanawley's fair child for his bride.

For many a suitor had striven to gain
In wedlock the sweet Kathleen,
But their vows and their pledges alike were vain,
For O'Moore, of all that chivalrous train,
Was the gallantest knight I ween.

And now ring out with a merrie peal
The bells from the castle-wall ;
And troops of Clanawley's clansmen leal
Press on in their columns of flashing steel,
Through battlement, tower and hall :

And many a pledge they quaff full deep
Both to lord and to ladye bright ;
The minstrels, full many a chord they sweep ;
Some eyes they sparkle, while others they weep
At the tale of wandering Knight—

“ Now pledge me, Clanawley,” the bridegroom cries,
“ A full, brimming goblet of wine ;

May Time, in his noiseless course, as he flies,
Fling never a cloud to dim those bright eyes !
Clanawley ! to thee and to thine !”

“ And to *me* !” cried a voice ; “ aye, to me and to mine
Now pledge me, Sir Knights, one and all ;
For tearful and dim are the eyes that now shine,
And the beautiful leaves of the garlands ye twine
Shall be withered ere midnight fall !”

Like so many spectres, the guests they stand ;—
Not a breath, not a whisper is heard ;
’Tis as some Spirit from faërie land
Had made, with a single wave of his wand,
A grave of that festal board.

Full many an eye with terror I ween
Is turned, the guest to see ;
A stalwart knight of warrior-mien
Is beheld, all dight in armor as green
As the Ocean itself can be—

And the plume in his helmet it waves snowy white
As the surf of the rock-beaten foam :
“ Oh ! com’st thou to hallow or curse, Sir Knight !
The bridal-knot with some mystic rite
Thou’st brought from thine azure home ?”

No answer he makes, the stranger so bold,
As he stalks to the banquet-board,
And silently raises the goblet of gold,
While the guests stand, like spectres, aghast to behold,
And wanders each hand to its sword.

“Nay, never your hands on your swords, I pray!”
Spake out the stranger, then;
“The first that uplifts his blade, I’ll lay
At my feet so low that the light of day
Shall ne’er visit his eyes again!”

“Sp’it or Devil!” the bridegroom cried,
As his sword flashed forth from its sheath:
“Decline not the combat thy taunt hath defied;—
Draw, false-hearted lord! whatever betide
I reckon not—no, though it be Death!”

“Thou hast spoken it well, fair Knight! Be thy doom
The dark word that fell from thee now;
’Twere a pity, Sir Knight! so dreary a tomb
Should enfold thee now, when bright garlands bloom
To twine for the bridegroom’s brow.”

All blanched was the cheek of O’Moore, as there fell
Those words of fate on his ear;

“ Com’st thou to beard me from heaven or hell,
With the breath of sprite or enchanter’s spell ?
False lord ! I defy thee here.”

Not a word from the figure there passed in reply
To the threat of the young bridegroom ;
But on with proud mien it swept noiselessly by,
While trembled O’Moore at the light that his eye
Sent forth from beneath his white plume.

The bridegroom stood spell-bound and motionless : ne’er
Was manhood so palsied as now ;
While the figure swept onward he felt that the air
Was as cold, as though Death were himself standing
there :
And the breath of his lips fanned his brow !

Now hushed was each harp that so late through the hall
Resounded with chivalry’s tale ;
They mutter their prayers as they see on the wall
The dark shadow pass ; while Clanawley and all,
Like spectres, each moment wax pale ;

With wonderment mute they still see it glide,
Not a sound of its motion they hear ;
Still onward it moves till it stands by the bride,

And clasps her cold hand, and close at her side
Its dark secret it tells in her ear.

Her lips, how they tremble, how pale is her brow,
As she feels the cold fan of his breath ;
Is it a curse on her bridal-vow,
Or a summons that warns fair Kathleen, that now
Is the hour that dooms her to Death ?

Dispelled is the trance that had bound like a chain
O'Moore, with its mystical ties ;
To Kathleen he rushes, his bride to regain ;
Cries the figure :—"Rash boy ! your attempt is but vain ;
'Tis a *Spirit* your falchion defies !"

With passion as reckless and fierce as the storm
O'Moore rushes full on the Knight ;—
His sword stays uplifted, and nerveless his arm,
And he feels that around there's a spell to disarm
Soul and falchion alike of their might.

"Blame not, rash youth, for I told thee thy fate,
Should'st thou dare thus my power to brave ;
Thine arm, like an infant's, now shrinks from the weight
Of thy sword, it was thine as warrior of late
O'er thy foeman in triumph to wave ;

“She is mine—she is mine;—aye, ever mine own!

The joys of thy bridal are past;

Change, minstrels! your song to the dirge and the moan

When in prayer ye kneel by the cold—cold stone,

That over the Dead ye have cast!”

All trembling and pale, the fair Kathleen, she lay

In the arms of the bridegroom-sprite;

Unopposed, unresisted, he bears her away,

Like a beautiful flower the sunshine of day

Hath op’d but to wither at night.

Now, frenzied with passion, O’Moore hurries on,

Though he feels there’s a seal on her doom;

And a cloud never-setting hath darkened their sun,

And his madness-flushed cheek is now grown as wan,

As the fugitive-warrior’s plume—

“Mortal or Spirit! whatever thou art;

One word—but one word I implore!

Let thy sword, like an ice-bolt, fall cold on my heart—

Let me clasp my lost bride, e’en though now, when we
part,

To meet we are doomed never more!”

Like the swimmer’s last groan as the tempest sweeps by,

Like the Autumn-leaf whirled in the air;

Like the light Summer-foam Ocean tosses on high
When the Storm-Spirit blots out the stars in the sky,
Unheard falls the bridegroom's prayer—

All hushed and unheard doth it fall ; for a sound
Comes on, like the Ocean's far boom ;
And the air doth itself seem all vocal around,
And the strong echo shakes the tremulous ground
As they list to these words of Doom—

The Wave-Sprites' Song.

“ We have come—we have come, from the depth of the
water,
Clanawley ! to wed to a Spirit thy daughter ;
And to steal from her cheek those flowers that bloom
On your earth, but to deck for the lovely their tomb !
Her brow shall be twined with the foam of the wave,
And the gems of the garland we weave for Kathleen,
Shall be ta'en from the depths of the bright coral-cave,
Where are clustered the pearl, and the emerald green—
Her couch shall be crystal, her bower be made
Of flowers that Autumn's chill breath cannot fade ;
And the moon and the stars of that world that rise,
Shall be fed with the wavelet's innumerable dyes ;
Shining on—shining on, like a summer-day's light,

Ere the Sun of your world yields his sceptre to Night—
And harpings of Spirits shall soothe her soft sleep,
Far sweeter than ever on mortal ear fell—
And the voices of waves, from the cells of the deep,
Shall re-echo the murmur that lies in the shell.
Come then ! come down ! for thy bride-torch is
lighted

From the sheen of the waves, as they gambol and dance
With mirth, that thy faith to a Spirit is plighted,
And blest by the joy of thine own sunny glance—
Oh ! talk not of earth, nor its odors that fling
Balmy sweetness around, like the honey-bee's wing ;
For as quickly they fade as the sunlight, that cheers
Morning's bud, but to leave it to eve's dewy tears ;
They fade and they wither, the odor and flower,
Both blooming and dying in one little hour !
But with *us* there's a Spirit unchangeably bright,
That grief cannot wither, and death cannot blight,
As fresh as the Spirit of waves, when they break
On the flower-dyed shore of the silvery lake,
Meeting and parting, like friends who rejoice
At the musical tones of a well-loved voice !
A Spirit that lives still unchangeably on,
Unwrinkled by Time, by sorrow or tears—
Still bright when all else is faded and gone
Like the vanishing shadows of long-buried years—

Come down then, come down—for thy bride-bed is
strown

With pearls the whitest beneath the green wave ;
And thy slumber we'll lull with the loveliest tone
That echo to Music on Earth ever gave !”

Now the rushing of waters is heard, and the boom
Of the storm, as with madness and might
It envelopes the castle in terror and gloom,
And threatens to make it one wide-yawning tomb
For the dead, on that fearful night !

And the storm it rages—the waters they rave
In the tempest's dark pauses between ;
The Maid is betrothed to the Sprite of the wave,
And the Night-moaning Banshee weeps over the grave
Of the lost and the lovely Kathleen.

THE DEATH-KISS.

AN IRISH SUPERSTITION.

THERE'S feasting in the Chieftain's hall, the wassail-bowl
goes round,
And minstrelsy its song and tale sends forth with merrie
sound,
And the Chieftain's brow looks brighter than full many a
day before,
For Night will see his daughter bride to young Mac
Connal More.
And now at her mirror stands the fair, while many a
serving maid
Range the bright jewels o'er her brow, and twine the
sunny braid—
A sight, oh ! lovelier far, than e'er to mortal eye was
given,
Save when it rests in worship on a single star in heaven.
She gazes on the mirror as the young Narcissus, when
He looked upon the wave that gave his beauty back
again ;

And like the youth, you would have thought the image
that was there
Had all this earth could ever give of beautiful and fair :
That Fancy needed not to think an Angel-form had
strayed
From Heaven, and in that mirror's depth its resting-place
had made !
Ah ! earth hath stars as heaven, and the mists that round
them play
Like the bluish haze that rests upon a lovely summer's
day—
Forewarn the young and beautiful their lot is grief and
pain ;
As that same haze that gilds the noon, ere eve may fall
in rain :
Fair girl ! as thou gazest on thy mirror's brightness, now,
A death-chill hovers near thine heart—a shadow o'er thy
brow ;
The gems thou wearest wax as pale and dim as though
they lay
Clasped in the mine's embrace, and shut out from the
light of day ;
And thine eye is growing glazed and cold, and the lustre
once it shed
Is waning like a taper in the chamber of the Dead !
“ Unbrace my girdle !—’Round my heart a weight is
pressing sore :

Mine eyes grow dark—God ! is it Death ! Oh ! tell Mac
Connal More

My last—last word was breathed for him—for him I love
alone ;

Oh ! may he find another, true as I when I am gone !”

* * * * *

Now tolls the castle-bell, but not as blithely as of late ;
And troops of mourners flock around the chieftain’s castle-
gate ;

And the wild Caoine, * like leaves that murmur on the
wintry gale,

Sends far and near upon the wind its sad and stifled
wail—

A wail so sad, you would have thought the very winds
sent forth

Their requiem low and solemn for the beautiful of Earth !

Oh ! ’tis a melancholy sight to see the cold clay o’er

The young so early dead who were all loveliness before.

The dawn of a bright sun in clouds and darkness gulphed
so soon,

Which, had it run its course, oh ! might have worn a
glorious noon ;

A flower pulled, or ere it knew a single passing ray

Of the light that warms and paints the leaf from the
tender hand of Day ;

* Irish cry.

A rainbow-hue just blotted out from the gentle summer-sky,

So fleeting that we see in it the doom of man—to die !

And yet so bright we'd almost think that in its brightness lay

All that the hand of God could show of Heaven's eternal day.

A star just glittering on the edge of evening's russet train,
Sparkling in Heaven's loveliness ; but when we look again

An envious cloud hath quickly passed, extinguishing for aye,

The holy lamp that Night had lit upon the tomb of Day !

Well, let them go ; 'tis better thus in purity to die,

Like clouds that melt in mist, or ere their journey thro' the sky

Be half done ; better far to fall in young and guileless years,

Than live a life of guilt to God—ourselves, of pain and tears.

Who—who can weep the early dead ;—those angel-forms but given

To light the earth a moment with bright meteor-beams from heaven ;

Sweet strains from angel-harpings, whose glad echo still is heard

In the music of the summer wind—the matin of the bird,
And all the lovely sounds that earth affords ; oh ! what
are *they*

But the voices of the loved and dead, gone far—oh ! far
away ?

And now with melancholy step the funeral array
Of Eveleen, to the lone churchyard doth slowly wend its
way ;

And prayers are muttered—eyes are weeping—mourners'
hands are wrung,

And the burden of the wild Caoïne in sadd'ning chorus
sung ;

The autumn winds wail lonely, and the withered autumn
leaf

Doth sadly rustle through the air in answer to their grief ;
And cypress-boughs are waving in the melancholy wind,
Leaving as they pass, the groan of sorrow deep behind.

Mac Connal More in silence walks by that dear maiden's
bier,

His arms are folded on his breast—his eyes without a tear :
And his lips they move so silently you could not tell that
there

Grief breathed her solemn accents or the humbler tones
of prayer ;

But there's a quiver on the lip, and a shrouding of the eye
That tells the struggle of the soul, oh ! more than the
bursting sigh ;

A cold and fearful shudder, that like thunder in the sky,
Forewarns the worn traveller, the tempest draweth nigh.
And they fall—they fall—the strong man weeps the
tears that children shed

When first they look affrighted on the pale face of the
dead.

The purest tributes Nature gives to childhood's frolic-
hour,

Pure as the dew that feeds the drops of April's golden
shower!

Oh! weep not, youth! for every tear you shed in
sadness now

An angel weaves a flower undying to bind that Sister's
brow,

And a smile is on her lips, and a glad beam in her eye
That tells the ransomed of the Saviour—it is sweet to
die!

Now halts the sad procession by the dark brink of the
tomb,

And mourners gather 'round the corse in their sable
weeds of gloom,

To hear the churchman's prayer ascend in tones so low
and deep,

For the soul of her, whose sorrows now in Abraham's
bosom sleep.

And the deep "Amen!" is faltered low from lips that
scarce can speak,

While the burning tear flows silent down the warrior's
pallid cheek !

"Ashes to ashes—dust to dust !" those solemn words
the while

Are uttered, and the clay upon the lonely dead they
pile.

The young and old kneel on the grave, and leave behind
the dew

Of tears that keep alive the bloom in flowers that they
strew ;

One long last look upon the grave—one prayer for her
that's gone,

And the tomb and tenant both are left in the drear
churchyard alone !

Yet not alone—there is a Faith within the heart whose
ties

Live fresh and green as once they bloomed, though all
around them dies,

Green as the last bright leaf that clings to Autumn's
faded bower,

And bringing back the buried dreams of its blooming
Spring-tide hour,

Decking her faded robe with hues of crimson and of
gold ;

Spring's latest child still lasting through the Winter
drear and cold !

Yes, there's a Faith that cannot die;—that lives, though
ties be riven,
And hearts be sundered, like the stars eternally in
heaven;
Whose light, though quenched by passing cloud, it for
a moment dies,
Yet, like the God who made them, shine for ever in the
skies !
A Faith we cannot quench, nor break, for Religion's holy
hand
Around it sheds a power it brings from yonder Better
Land,
That gives the broken heart the hope, its scattered
feelings may
Be centred in the light undying of Eternal Day;
As gleams of sunlight on the wave, when the storm
rages high,
Though broken by the waters, find their fountain in the
sky.
Such is Mac Connal's faith ;—he stirs not from that lone
and simple heap,
But sits him by the Dead, resolved a vigil sad to keep ;
And shed those tears that Sorrow loves to shed unseen—
alone,
Or in the chamber of the Dead or by the cold tomb-
stone,

Tears blest by God as are the prayers of those “in secret
heard”

By Him, who, through his Son, said, He would “openly
reward.”

Now wanes the night fast, yet MacConnal clings to that
lonely spot ;

Unheeding all around him ;—forgetting and forgot ;—

He lists not to the night-wind, nor the echo that it
bears

To the darkened tale his bosom pours of agony and
tears ;

He scarcely knows he lives, but feels within a rankling
pang

That gnaws the Life-bloom from his heart like adder’s
venomed fang.

“Oh, would to God that I were dead, dear Eveleen !”
he cried,

“Would that, for thee, my bonny one, Mac Connal
More had died !

For thou hast left a void within—around—where’er I see
The heaven or earth—nay, the bright flowers that tell
me, Sweet, of thee.

We look not for the sun when clouds sweep o’er the
stormy sky,

Nor look we for a sunny glance when tears obscure the
eye ;

Nor, when the string is broken, dare we hope for one
sweet tone

Would give us back the memory of moments past and
gone!

Vain—vain, dear Eveleen! to hope thy form again to
see;—

I shall pass to the cold grave, but thou'lt ne'er return to
me!"

He flung himself upon the grave—raised up his voice
and wept,

And through the silent midnight deep a lonely watch he
kept;

When lo! a voice upon his ear—so heavenly sweet it
came,

The mourner almost thought he heard an angel in his
dream!

“Dry—dry thy tears—there are others as fair

As mortal eye hath seen;

With eyes as blue—as sunny hair

As buried Eveleen.

And their's the breath the flower breathes

Out from its odorous cell,

Their's the immortal hand that wreathes

The bower where spirits dwell!

Time lingers not with them, but flies
On wings of light and mirth ;
Refreshing with its touch the dyes
That wither on *your* earth !

And day to day sweet music weaves
Her chain of spirit-sound ;
All-beautiful as Summer-leaves
Fling harmony around.

Death is not there—we shed no tears
For the reaper's fallen grain ;
For spirits we are, whose wings, through years
Eternal, never knew stain !

Then, away with me, my fair bridegroom !
To my home in yonder sky ;
See—see, already I wing my plume
For my homeward flight on high !”

Is it a dream, or doth his ear drink in that spirit-sound,
From the grave where lies his dead bride ? Still it
pours its sweetness 'round,
And 'round in many a mazy wind its harmony it
flings,
As evening lends her echo to the sweet Æolian's strings.

It *is*—it *is* truth—not a dream,—for as he turns his
eyes

Upward, he sees a maiden, lovely tenant of the skies!
Around her brow a halo hovers—bright celestial flame
Of beauty, such as decked the angels when to earth they
came,

Won by her beauteous sons and daughters from their
realms above,

To give, for *one* hour's earthly bliss, Eternity of love—
And a smile played 'round her vermeil lip, like that the
man of sin

Sees in his dreams, when angels welcome the repentant
in ;—

While her eye, like morning-star, whose light by dew is
half-concealed,

Seemed as it could have wept a tear the eye-lid half-
revealed ;—

“And dost thou weep a buried faith, poor mortal that
thou art ?

And dost thou think the gnawing worm will spare the
buried heart ?

Canst thou re-lume the eye, whose light is quenched in
the dark grave ?

As well thou might'st go trace the Moon's bright kingdom
in the wave ?”

Oh ! they were tones of music, such as the wrapt spirit
hears

In the lone midnight when holding commune with the
 starry spheres,
When from star to star a language floats; and, though
 the holy sound
We hear not, yet we feel there is an angel-spell around—
Silent and wrapt Mac Connal stands in deepest wonder-
 ment,
Whether he stood in presence of a spirit heaven-sent—
“Oh! mock me not with visions bright of that blessed
 Land afar,
Where the wicked cease from troubling and at rest the
 weary are;
And the blinded eye forgets its tear, and the broken
 heart its load,
And the wretched turn from earth to seek their happiness
 in God!
Oh! if it be to die, I pray now stretch thy hand and
 smite,
And let my Eveleen and I together sleep to-night!”
The spirit smiled and said: “Fair Youth! my mission’s
 not of Death;
I would not see one die so young, whose early-plighted
 faith,
Like flower unblown hath scarcely tasted the sweet dew
 and light,
Ere every leaf hath felt the canker-sting and Autumn-
 blight,

I would not see a faith so true as thine so early die,
A faith entwined by all that's pure and strong in human
tie ;

I would not see it perish thus, or given to her who now
Lies cold alike to Passion as she's deaf to its warm
vow."

" Yes—yes !" he cried, " I'd have it buried there beneath
the pall—

Yes, let it lie there ;—all I've felt—my faith—my
passion—all !"

She takes his hand—she breathes upon him—lo ! a
change appears,

A smile lights up those eyes, but now suffused and dim
with tears,

As Morning's bursting sunshine its bright dawn of
freshness sheds

When flowers shake off the evening-dew and raise their
drooping heads ;

And, as her lips are pressed to his, a thrill darts through
his frame,

As Lava fills its fiery path with fierce volcanic flame,

And his mind is filled with dreams so beautiful they
seem of heaven,

While his heart is braced with that strong faith to none
but martyrs given ;—

Oh ! is this passion—is it madness thus transports his
brain,

Or is't a new Life coursing subtly thus through every
vein,
That fixes eye and soul in love and terror thus on her
Who makes a lost and broken heart, like his, a
worshipper?
Where is the faith but now he pledged to her who lies
so low?
Where are the tears—the promises—the unsealed bridal
vow?
Forgotten! "Pledge me, now," she said, "thy faith
upon my hand,
That, ere a month, thou'lt meet me here, Mac Connal,
where we stand;
With a faith as pure and lasting, and a heart as strong
and bold
As thou swor'st to her whose ashes lie beneath us stark
and cold!"
"I swear—I swear!" the youth replied; and, as he spake
the word,
An echo from the graves around, like music faint, was
heard,
And she was gone— * * * *

'Tis midnight deep in the chieftain's hall, and midnight's
deep repose
Broods silently, where late the cheer of bridal mirth
arose;

And warriors gather 'round to look their last upon the
chief;—
Not as before, with eye of pride, but agony of grief;
For that spirit-kiss hath dried his blood, like grass
beneath the sun,
And an early grave doth yawn for him whose sands are
nearly run!
“Dry up your tears,” the dying said, “I’m passing to
my doom;
No more you’ll see my falchion flash—no more your
Chieftain’s plume
Shall cheer ye 'gainst your foemen, where the thickest
fight is seen;—
Farewell, my warriors! lay me by my buried Eveleen!
In life I loved her—my last thought to her in life I
gave;—
Let hearts, this world divided, be united in the grave!”
He said—the dying Chieftain bowed his head upon his
breast,
Nor more can say, for the parting soul is speeding to its
rest;
The eye is glazed—the lips grow wan,—and the pulse is
ebbing slow,
And the pallor of that death-kiss overspreadeth cheek
and brow;—
Now mournfully the Banshee wails the chieftain dead
and gone,

All sadly as the withered tree returns the midnight-
moan ;
And the silence of the death-room giveth answer mute
and deep
To those solemn notes that 'round the grave lull Death's
eternal sleep,
Like mystic messengers that rise from the chambers of
the tomb,
With tales of the forgotten Dead who sleep within its
womb.
And now once more at the castle-gate standeth the
funeral-train ;
And the castle-bell once more peals forth its dead and
solemn strain ;—
A month since on that spot there stood the funeral-
cavalcade ;—
A month since in the cold—cold earth, sweet Eveleen
was laid ;
A little month hath passed since tolled that castle-bell
before,
And now is heard the same sad peal for dead Mac Con-
nal More !
The grave is dug by Eveleen's—the spot wherein he
prayed
His ashes might repose with her's—his heart by her's be
laid ;

Meet resting-place for those whose stars in darkness have
gone down,
Whose harvests here on earth in tears and sorrow have
been sown ;—
Whose hearts, sustained alone through Life, by the
cheering light of Faith,
See their first sunrise in the hour that draws the veil of
Death !
Now side by side they rest—the loved, the loving, and
the dead ;
The bridal, éarth denied, fulfilled within that narrow
bed ;—
And, as they throw the dust on both, a low and fearful
sound,
Half-tears—half-music rises from beneath the burial-
ground ;
“Thine oath is kept—I told thee that the green sod
and the stone
Would be thy fate, Mac Connal! *ere a single month
had gone !*”

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MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

BELSHAZZAR.

FOR seventy years had Israel worn the Chaldee's galling
chain,
And many an eye was wrung with grief, and heart was
bowed with pain ;
And tears of bitterness atoned the Temple's splendor
gone,
And Zion's hill, where God had placed the glories of his
throne—
Oh ! often by Euphrates' stream the mourning Hebrew
strayed,
Anon he woke the long-hushed harp—anon he wept and
prayed ;
But sullen echoes answered from Euphrates' gloomy
waters,
Echoes that mocked the heart-wrung grief of Jewry's sons
and daughters.
Sad echoes that recalled the days when Jehovah's mighty
Hand,
Guided them through the Red Sea waves all safe as on
dry land,
Reviving to the eye the darkened glories of Sinai,

Rocked to its base beneath the burning tread of Adonai ;
'Mid thunderings and lightnings gleaming on that God-
writ stone,

While the Prophet's face, as he descended, like a Glory
shone ;

Echoes that brought back the land where milk and
honey flowed,

And Jordan's stream yet destined for the baptism of God,
The conquered Hivite—Jebuzite ; and Gideon's—Joshua's
sword,

Cities and heroes prostrate by the might of Israel's Lord ;
The bright Shechinah that once burned between the
Cherubim

For aye withdrawn by God ; its place once glorious, dark
and dim !

Sad images were those that rose from echoes as they
strayed,

'Mong strings that lent the exile's harping Music's darkest
shade ;

Upon the willow hangs the harp, the minstrel can but weep
At the sad notes that through the strings in fitful pauses
sweep—

“Shall the conquered sing the song of Zion in a
stranger-land ?

How *can* we sing the Lord's song at a conqueror's
command ?

Oh ! Babel's daughter ! happy he who in vengeance for
our groans,
Shall dash thy godless children down, aye—even to the
stones !”

* * * * *

Bright were the lamps that burned within Belshazzar's
festal-hall,

And cup and garland twined their blush at that high
carnival ;

And feasting and rejoicing all held high and impious
sway,

As though no night of judgment were to close that
Godless day :

The gold and silver vessels that the Temple of the Lord
On Zion's hill adorned, decked now the heathen's festal-
board,

And feasting and Religion there had twined their fearful
spell

For they had given these holy vessels to their idol, Bel.

“Bring forth those golden vessels !” cries the king, full-
flushed with wine,

“That my father bore in triumph from the Hebrews'
gorgeous shrine ;

And let us in their *own* bright gold and silver goblets
drain

Honor and glory to the hand that wove the Hebrews'
chain !”

Forth brought they then the vessels, and they fill them
up with wine,
And joyous echoes rang, as drank king, peer, and
concubine,
Forgetting not to mingle with the madness of that hour,
Blasphemies on Jehovah's name, and insults to His
power;
For they no longer deemed Him true in promise, act, or
word
Who gave his favored people to captivity and sword!
"Fill high, fill high—let every cup brim with its
sparkling freight!
'Tis not for kings to crouch, like men, at word of Death
or Fate—
Kings are immortal—" While thus spake a flattering
lord, behold!
A dazzling light, like rainbow, fell around those cups of
gold;
And fear and trembling fell on all, and the speaker stood
like one
God's long-staid hand in judgment smote to semblance
as of stone;
For his jewelled fingers pointed, and his eyes they shone
like glass,
When wizard-wand makes spectre-forms in silence o'er it
pass!

They looked, and lo ! upon the wall the finger of a man
Traced mystic lines that human eye that night might
never scan,

“ Over against the candle-stick,” upon the palace-wall,
Belshazzar saw the part that wrote, *but did not see it all* ;
Then troubled were his thoughts, and lo ! how pale his
visage grew,

As on the marble monument ye see Death’s pallid hue ;
Wailing and moaning rest upon that festive groupe,
where now

Joy thrilled on every lip, and pleasure lighted every
brow ;

The wine no longer sparkles, and the cups untasted
stand,

While fixed as marble’s every eye upon that cloudy
hand ;

Muffled in mantle every face—bowed every knee in
prayer,

Such prayer as doomed souls mutter—half in fear and
half despair,

While an icy chillness rests on all, as though they feel
the breath

Of one whose home, though now on earth, was in the
Land of Death !

Then started from his trance the king, and gazed upon
the crowd,

That seemed not guests—but worshippers, for every
knee was bowed ;
And, as he saw the palsied hand, and the lip spell-bound
with fear,
His stubborn knees, they almost bend, for he felt that
God was near ;—
Then spake he :—" Call the Magi ! Let Chaldea's seers
declare
The mystery of good or ill a God hath written there ;
And he that shall the tidings of that writing dark
unfold,
With scarlet shall be clothed, and wear a chain of
massive gold !"
Lo ! entered then, the Magi ; while the anxious eyes of
all
Passed quickly from the Soothsayers to the writing on
the wall,
Both lip and cheek were bloodless, and chill terror held
the breath
Of each one, as he paused to hear a message as from
Death !
Long space the Magi strove to disentwine the mystic
chain
That bound those words from human eye ; but all their
lore was vain—
Now heavier shadows fell upon Belshazzar's livid face,

Shadows of fear and pain that in the dying you may
trace ;
His lips, they muttered half in prayer, with hands, like
iron, bound
In prayer's convulsive grasp, he looked in agony
around ;—
It was the wrung and anguished speech that silence
more than tells,
For in its muteness, as a shrine, the soul's deep suffering
dwells !
As thus they stood, King, peer, and concubine, like those
within
The cities of the plain, awaiting the dread doom of sin,
The Queen, with voice like spirit blessed, the grave-like
silence brake ;
“Oh, King ! for ever live and from this trance awake—
awake !
Let not thy thoughts, thus, trouble thee, nor Sorrow
fling her veil
Athwart thy brow, like Mourning, o'er the dead one cold
and pale ;—
For lo ! there's one, my Son ! within thy kingdom who
can read
All mysteries that Bel and Nebo on Belshazzar have
decreed,
ne whom thy father master made of all Chaldea's seers,

For in *him* the spirit of the gods, like Wisdom's self,
appears !

Let Belteshazzar now be called, and he will straightway
show

What means this mystic messenger that makes thee
tremble now ?”

Then was Daniel brought before the King ; and thus
Belshazzar said :—

“Speak ! art thou of those conquered tribes my father
captive led

In years by-gone, from Jewry ?” “Lo ! thy servant is thy
slave ;—

What can a captive give, oh King ! his Conqueror
would have ?”

The King spake not : but raised his quivering finger
where the hand

Stood still and misty, like a herald from a dim and
distant land ;—

E'en such a herald heaven might send, 'mid pestilence
and war,

To open long-closed phials from some dark, malignant
star, .

When nations veil the heart—no longer clouds of incense
rise,

And the sun looks too weak and wan to light the
morning-skies !

But Daniel gazed unblenching, for his trust was in his
God,
Whether amid the furnace-flames, or lions' den he trod ;
For martyr-like baptized in flames was Daniel's holy
faith,
And purged with flames he stood, and wore the martyr's
holy wreath !
" Oh King ! our God most High and Mighty, gave thy
father's crown
The choicest gifts of Heaven—glory, honor, and renown,
And with thy Sire, where'er he went, were majesty and
awe,
His very frown was conquest, and his iron will was law !
All nations and all languages, they feared and trembled
too,
For whom he would, he spared alive, and whom he
would he slew !
But when, in self-reliance, he forgot his trust in God,
And in very pride his head was raised above the earth
he trod,
When in self-glory of the flesh his pride was lifted up,
Then did God's long-staid hand first mingle tears within
his cup ;—
Yes, shame and sorrow were thy Sire's, when from the
haunts of men
Sent forth to seek a home, he found it in the wild beasts'
den,

And with the oxen, he ate grass—with dew he quenched
his thirst;—

And thy Sire, oh King! to herd with beasts, was for
his pride accurst!

Now mark what I areed thee, King! thy father's crime
is thine,

Thy soul is lifted up against the Majesty Divine;
Of old the angels forfeited their high estate for pride,
Look round thee, King! and say hast *thou* not God
thyself defied?

What see I here, amid these gold and silver vessels
piled,

But God himself insulted, and His Holy Shrine
despoiled?

What see I here, amid these cups of silver and of gold,
But King and Victor both his proud and swelling heart
unfold?

What see I, amid revelry, and song, and dance, and
wine,

Save blasphemy on those things God Himself hath made
Divine?

And now, oh King! prepare thee in this last and fearful
hour

To read a message in yon' hand from God's insulted
power!"

He said: but, ere the holy herald had his mission given

Behold around a radiance, as though each world in
heaven

Had registered that moment with its own immortal light,
Ere Babylon for ever sank to ruin and to night!

And, 'mid that glory radiant as from God's own beaming
throne,

Lo! these the words that met the glassy eye of every
one:—

“Mene-Mene-Tekel-Upharsin” traced in living light,
As was, in Israel's wanderings, the pillared fire by night.
Now ev'ry eye on Daniel's turned, from Monarch to the
seer,

But ev'ry lip hangs questionless, so palsied 'tis with fear;
And those cheeks, whose blush but now outvied the
wine within the gold;—

God! are they spectres now that stand—so wan they
look and cold!

'Twas then that Daniel spake—“Beware! Chaldea's
hour is come;

In yonder writing, King and people! read Chaldea's
doom;

Thyself and kingdom, guilty King! are in the balance
weighed,

But wanting found, and given to the Persian and the
Mede!”

E'en while he spake, a trumpet-blast rang on the
midnight-air;

Oh! then within those guilty walls were wailing and
despair,
And gnashing teeth—and smitten breasts—and curses—
prayers—and cries,
Such as from Hinnom's bloody vale, and Tophet's depths
arise,
When parents, with their *own* hands, give their strangled
babes to Bel,
That ev'n Religion's self hath made her shrine and vale
*a Hell! **
Another blast—another—is the right arm of the Lord
Uplifted thus, in wrath so soon to verify His Word?
Fall in the dust, proud Babylon! Call on the rocks to
hide
Thy lazar-house of guilt and sin—thy leprosy of pride;
Where are the gods, Belshazzar! now, that girded once
thy throne?
Vain, vain to summon to thine aid those blocks of wood
and stone,
Bel croucheth—Nebo stoopeth, and their shrines are
broken down,
For hark! the True God cometh now, with sceptre and
with crown,
Comes on the midnight-storm's dark wing with trumpet-
blast, and sword,—

* Gehenna, the Greek for Hinnom.

Bow down, thou kingly worm ! bow at the footstool of
thy Lord—
Comes to accomplish His dread wrath in ages past
decreed,
Give place, ye king and people, to the Persian and the
Mede !

THE SEA.

Oh glorious Sea—Thou fine old Sea,
Nurse of Death and Mystery !
How many a legend solemn and old
Could thine azure page unfold,
From the dawn of the world,
When first the heave
Of the torpid wave
Was to Life unfurled,
When the first storm from God came sweeping down
Dark mirror of its Master's frown,
Bursting the chain
That bound the main,
Flung there by Chaos' old and trembling hand,
To part thy wild dominion from the Land.

Mother of terrors dark and deep,
How many in thy pulseless bosom sleep ;
 Sons and daughters,
 Each earthly tie
 Rocked by thy waters
For ever in Death's songless lullaby !
Mother of terrors ! when arise thy waves
In yesty triumph o'er the swelling tide ;
Clapping their hands like liberated slaves,
Who've dashed but now their manacles aside,
 In that dark hour
 Of demon-power,
How they climb the strong bark,
Prow and stern and shroud,
Rising and sinking, like the Ark
Upon the mighty Flood ;
Still up the waves in deadly phalanx climb,
As arméd hosts in battle-time
 Besiege a town ;—
Rending—scattering mast and sail
 'Mid shriek and wail,
The last prayer answered by the sky's dark frown.

And now thou liest in slumber mild,
Tranquilly as a little child,
 Whose breathing's scarcely heard,

Like summer-wind that plays the trees among,
 Their mazy bowers twined
 With the bright wreaths of Angel-song ;
 Oh ! strange
 The change ;
Thy waves no longer now in masses piled,
Like ensigns after battle—torn—despoiled,
But now thy gentle ripples play
Into the sunshine far away,
And over thine azure floor they dance,
Meeting and parting in each sunny glance.
Like the sweet bridal of Music and Light
In the beam of the Moon on a calm Summer-night ;
 Oh ! how subdued ;
 No Summer could
Breathe deeper calmness over Tropic isles
Than thou, Old Ocean ! with thy countless smiles.

Rich are Earth's mines ; with thee no measure
Can count thy hoards of sunken treasure,
 From the first hour Phœnicia broke
 The strong tyrannic yoke
Of earth that fettered human hearts and minds ;
 The hour when the first timid oar
Trembled amid the waters, far from shore,
 Startling the Deep
 From its centuried sleep ;

Guiding the wanderers safe 'mid waves and winds—
Aye, from that hour thy womb hath been
The treasure-house of all the earth hath seen
Of rich and beautiful from India's shores,
Where far Cathay
Hives golden stores,
E'en to the regions of the closing Day,
Where Spanish Avarice sought her piles
Of gold 'mid India's balmy isles ;
Peruvian gold—the gems of Giamschid,
Yea, the wealth of worlds beneath thy miser-waves is hid !

But what the wealth thou'st garnered, as thy spoil,
To the vast human pile
Have made their graves
In thine undug, yet ever-yawning tomb—thy waves ;
Thou hast them there—the Dead,
Each in his mould'ring bed ;
And thou canst well to Death reply,
As through the world his venom'd arrows fly—
“ *I am the conqueror—behold my slaves !* ”
What ! could not *one* suffice
In God's own image made,
For thy relentless sacrifice,
With groans and smothered supplications paid ?

No—no—for countless cries,
'Mid death-wrung tears,
Have struck the skies
Eternal through the zodiac of thy years :
And world on world
Of beating hearts and weeping eyes
Thy tempests have hurled
Down—down from the light of the skies.
Oh ! when thou risest in thy mountain-might,
Pity within thy depths seeks endless Night !

There is scarcely on earth a single spot
By the loving and living forgot,
A spot where weeping Friendship cannot find
Those memories dear the Dead have left behind,
The smile—the tear—the kind and gentle word
Kindling the soul-lit eye, or ere 'twas heard,
The music of the voice
Making the heart rejoice,
Waking to happiness its hidden springs,
As when the Angel came
With healing on his wings
To cheer the broken-hearted—heal the blind and lame ;
Oh ! sweet the memories ; sweeter far the tears
When on her bosom the green mound appears,
Piled by Affection's hand,
To those of the Spirit-Land,

And decked with flowers that seem to love the Dead
 In the bright hues
 That Spring renews,
And fragrance that they cluster 'round their bed !
But where upon *thy* waters can we read
One single trace of the sepulchred Dead ;
 A single line
 The heart might make its shrine—
The treasury of all on earth was dear,
The joy—the hope—the smile—affection—tear.
 Oh ! thine is a dreary waste
 Where human eye ne'er traced
One single mark of those for ever gone,
E'en as the ancient dead o'er stagnant Acheron !
 Where—where is their epitaph ?
Hear it in the rattling thunder's laugh,
 As, with shock and boom
It bursts the chain of its caverned home,
 Like the trump of Doom
Crumbling the glassy portals of thy tomb !
 Read it in the lightnings' glare
 Over thy heaving bosom bare,
 When from heaven they flash and fall,
Like flickering torches at the burial—
 This—this the epitaph *thou* writ'st for all,
While Earth above *her* dead spreadeth her flowery pall !

Year upon year thine azure floor
Was unwhitened by sail—unrippled by oar ;
 And the tempests kept
 Their wild dominion,
 And the sea-bird swept
 On his storm-beat pinion
Round and away far off from the shore
It had loved for its home and clung to before ;
 These were the lords upon thy crystal throne :—
 Till old Phœnice,
 Like the Argonaut
 Whose daring sought
 The golden fleece,
Launched first upon thy waters, fearless and alone !
 Alone through unknown seas,
 Even to the Cassiterides,
 By night and by day
 She plied her venturous way,
 Sweeping around
 The ancient bound
 Where Hercules' unwearied hand
 Had piled his columns near Iberia's land ;
 Nor yet her daring sail had furled
Until she saw old Baratanach's* Western world !

* The ancient name of Britain, signifying " The land of tin."

Thou bor'st upon thy mother-breast
Columbus, when he sought the uncertain West,
And, as he marked the line of sinking day,
Deemed it was old Cathay,
The golden Chersonese,

That El Dorado of the Indian Seas !

Oh ! strong the faith, thou mighty man ! that bore
Thee o'er the trackless waves to India's shore ;
And base the meed that kingly favor gave
Thy lofty soul, thou Gideon of the wave !
What ! had the wealth and chivalry of Spain
No fitter gift for thee, than felon's chain ?
Unawed thine eye ranged o'er the waves, thy hand
Unlocked the long-barred portals of an unknown land ;
Thou, like the ancient Patriarch who trod
The Red Sea waters, parted by his God,
Didst place thy trust, unwavering, in Him,
And saw'st by faith, the land, though dark and dim ;
Oh ! holy mother !—reverence to thee,

For that, to distant shores

Where the broad Atlantic pours
Her myriad waters, fetterless and free,

Thou led'st the way,
Thyself the glorious path,
To that bright, halcyon-day,
Where tyranny and wrath

Of kings and despots should for ever pass away

Before the dawn of Liberty !

Yes ! on the shores of thy far Western wave

Man hath disowned the shackles of the slave ;

And, as he sees thy giant-waters roll,

Feels Freedom's echo answer from his soul :—

“ Look on those waters of Eternity !

No kingly chain

E'er bound the main,

Man ! like it, be free !”

But scarce had Commerce spread her Virgin-sail

Ere thine azure brow grew pale ;

When war and proud ambition came

Like pestilential hurricane,

Kindling their desolating flame

That sent its charnel-light athwart the startled main ;

And thy waves that rolled

Their crests of gold

Free as the storms that rose and died,

Were now to feel

And hear the echo of groan and steel

Wake from their dreams eterne the slumbers of thy tide.

Impurpled with blood

Thou hast been of the brave,

E'en like the mountain-flood

That bore on its wave

Adonis' life-drops oozing from the wound ;
While beneath and around
Thy caverned deeps dread echo gave
From the myriad-voiced wave,
As it leaped and roared
At the mighty word
That Battle gave its phalanxed horde !
Oh ! fearful the cries thy tortured waves have sent
Age upon age to the firmament,
When first Ambition wove her chain
For the free unmastered main
That never yet knew lord save the great hurricane.
Yes, Greece' and Carthage's, Rome's—Persia's prow
Have broken the glassy stillness of thy brow,
And spear and falchion—tattered ensign—shield,
Have writ War's blazonry upon thine azure field,
While the eternal anthem of thy waves
Hath been the only knell of Nation's graves,
Bearing each brave, each good man's name on high
To win the soldier's immortality !
There, where the waves Saronic kiss
That glorious old isle, Salamis,
At Mycalé, by sweet Ionia's shore,
The Greek and Persian have
Polluted thy bright wave
With other streams than thine, even human gore—

Oh ! Ancient Mother, e'en for centuries past
Man over thee Ambition's curse hath cast,
And, 'sdaining earth, sought to subdue thy flood
Where Freedom's tower hath for ages stood,
Aye, beaten by tempest, by the lightning riven,
But still her pinnacle erect to heaven.

Yet here proud man upon thy barren plain
From East to West hath spread his wide domain,
Passed with the sun ; nor doth Ambition rest
Until her weary wing be folded in the West ;—
There's not a wave of thine unstained by war
From Grecian Salamis to Trafalgar !

'Tis morn—the sky is cloudless and serene,
And Nature's smile is radiant as her face,
While on thy liquid meadows of green
The waves they play
In the new-born ray,
Like nymphs unzoned in Ocean's wild embrace.
But see ! what glides along th' horizon's rim ?

Is it a cloud
Hanging its golden shroud
'Twixt sea and sky ?

No—no—it is a vessel—gallant—trim,
And 'round her the waves chaunt merrily,—
Glide on, thou creature of Life—oh ! glide—

O'er thee the tempest and cloud have no power ;
Old Ocean claims thee for his beautiful bride,
And scatters around thee his diamonds for dower ;
Oh ! many the eyes that wept, as thy form
Melted to nothingness far from the shore ;
And the hearts that consigned thee to cloud and to storm,
Were mingled with fears ye might meet never more ;
Ride on—thou beautiful vision ! ride !
Hushed be the storm, and smooth be the tide
 That bears thee along
 To the choral song
Of wind and wave in musical throng—

A change hath come—for, lowering—black—
 Hangs the wild heaven,
 While floats the rack,
Like volumed wreaths of bursting leven,
When giants old in battailous array
Marshalled the combat fierce in upper day.
Oh ! what a change—the sky's ablaze,
 As though the sun
Had poured on this the light of a thousand days
 From the depths of his burning throne ;—
 And the thunders roll,
 And the ocean it reels
 As though from pole to pole
God hurled his anger from the broken seals !

Still gloriously she rides the mighty wave ;
The mistress—she, and it—the slave !

No strength can 'bide the conflict ;—fragile—vain
As gossamer, she struggles with the main ;
There's not a blast that whistles through her shrouds,
There's not a flash that lights the fissured clouds,
And not a wave upon her shattered side
But leaves some fragment weltering on the tide ;—
The lightnings pour
Their red mantle 'round thee ;—oh ! never more
Shalt thou, returning, hail the friendly shore ;—
A moment more—her timbers part—she's gone—
And ocean closes over her with hollow moan !



THE WOODS.

HAIL, old woods !—Primæval woods !

Nature's holy solitudes,
From age to age, Religion's everlasting pile !
Deep in your midst she's raised her vast abode,
Her Temple roofed and arched by God,
And solemnly lighted like cathedral-aisle—
I never hear your clustered branches stirred

By the hushed anthem of the summer-wind,
But call to mind
The solemn hour Jehovah's voice was heard
Passing from tree to tree,
As glides the organ's grand solemnity,—
Summer's bright blush from earth took instant flight,
And Autumn threw around her yellow robe of blight !

Altar and Temple, both in one—all hail !
The sun on ye, like incense, pours his light,
And clouds, in passing, weave that holy veil,
That screens your inmost shrine from mortal sight ;
Ages have past ;—and human eyes
Have closed in their eternal sleep ;
Yet ne'er hath one beheld those mysteries,
Like sacred rites, locked in your bosom deep ;—
But, like the Ark of Cov'nant, that within
Preserved the Record dark of human sin,
The Law, the Manna, and the Rod,
The proofs and miracles of Israel's God,
Age upon age, *ye've* shut from mortal eye,
The phantom-secrets that within ye lie !

Rend, Old Time ! the veil,
And let the hoary past recount her solemn tale—
Methinks I see the Druid move
Beneath the broad and Patriarchal oak ;

His incantations mystic through the grove
Re-echoing Rome's fierce battle-cry, that broke
 Through Britain's unknown isle ;
Aghast the Roman looked on the uncouth pile
 That Superstition reared,
 For nought to him appeared
 Save stone in circle rude.
Far—far from that unholy Solitude,
 Fancy, upon her gilded track,
 Wandered to Rome from Britain back,
And viewed with lordly pride the hallowed shrine
Great Rome had reared to Jove Capitoline !

Antiquity sits throned upon the Pyramid !
Assyria, Egypt, Carthage, all are gone ;
Time, in his watchful flight, hath closed his lid
On nations, as they crumbled stone by stone,
And temples, with their gods, have perished too,
Their gods of wood and stone
Gone like a drop of morning-dew
That lingers on a leaf—the last—alone !
Nation and Temple—all a shadowy pile,
Like storied effigy in Cathedral-aisle,
Where we vainly seek to trace
The lineament of the buried face,
Or the obliterated line
Affection writes upon her mournful shrine ;—

Aye, in History's old and calcined page
We read of the by-gone age,
Of the king, and the battle, and sword,
The Hero's death and the Patriot's word,
Of nations subdued, and nations freed,
While, mid the death-charge, heroes bleed,
And young Ambition builds her throne
Where Bondage utters her last groan ;
Earth's deeds are writ by *human* hand ;—
But *who* hath penned the history
Of the countless ages that have swept *your* land ?
Go—read it in the buried heaps that lie
Of mouldered trunks, and leaves that fall,
The bridal-robe of Nature and her pall !
Nature herself hath penned the classic page,
Each sapless leaf, a volume—Life's sad pilgrimage !

The Muse of Greece hath wandered ye among,
Braiding your antique shrines with wreaths of song ;
And old Mythology hath waved her wand
Amid the silent depths of forest-land,
And called her children round her, Fancy's fays,
To sport their phantom-life through Summer's dreamy
days—
Dryads and Hamadryads both are yours,
Gods of your bright and fadeless bowers ;—
Gods, at whose shrine

The Greek, while he knelt,
Knew that Spirit divine,
Whose effluence can subdue and melt
The heart, however hard and cold,
E'en to the soft impress of Nature's kindly mould;
Till forth Religion poured her holy streams
Girding Creation as with sacred zone;
On mountain—vale—where'r the Loxian's* beams
Fall—there her Spirit reared her golden throne;
Nature from every stream gushed forth in song,
And echo sought her gladness to prolong;
All earth became Religion's bright abode,
And mount and vale were vocal with their God!

We ask not History to reveal
The ashy record of your buried prime,
Nor grim Antiquity to set her seal
Upon your glories spared to us by Time;
Ye are your own Historians; and ye tell
Where flashed the bolt that laid yon' giant low,
What time the reeling lightning fell,
Leaving its brand eternal on his hoary brow—
We pause before the trunk—shrivelled and bare
It lies, where it hath lain for ages past;
Its fellows shroud it with their drooping hair,

* "Apollo—Squint-eyed,"—The Greek denoting the ambiguity of his oracles.

Like battle-torn banners in the blast ;—
The leaves—oh ! where are *they* ?
Ye tread the soil
Where old Decay
Hath piled his autumn-spoil—
In every trunk—in every leaf we trace
Nature's own History,—Time cannot all efface.

How softly rests the sun upon ye now ;
As though all Heaven were open to the view,
And its bright Hierarchy showered below
From 'neath their waving wings of golden hue
All light, they borrowed from the Eternal throne,
When veiled before their God they stand,
Each casting down his burning zone,
The fadeless starlight of that Better Land !
Lo ! silence everywhere
Pillowed on downy waves of sleeping air ;—
Silence, such as swayed
Creation, when God sent his Fiat forth
Commanding Light to be, and Light was made,
While guilty Darkness fled the face of Earth !
Hail, holy Summer ! Sabbath of the skies !
Flowers weave thy robe and Beauty holds thy train,
Heaven tesselates thy path with fadeless dyes,
And weaves thy chaplet bright of golden grain—

Thy locks are braided with the dew,
And clasped thy zone with flowers of brightest hue !

What spirit moves within your holy shrine ?
'Tis Spring—the year's young bride, that gladly pours
Above—around—an effluence Divine
Of light and life, falling in golden showers—
And with her come the sportive nymphs in dance
Like waves that gambol in the Summer's glance,
Untwining bowers from their Winter's sleep,
Unlocking rivers from their fountains deep,
Tinting the leaf with verdure, that had lain
Long-hid, like gold within the torpid grain,
Chaunting her choral song, as Nature's eyes
First greet the bridal of the earth and skies.

The Spring is past ;—and blushing Summer comes,
Music and sunshine throng her scented way ;
The birds send gladly from their bowered homes,
Their pæan at the birth of flowery May !
From close to shut of Day ; yes, far and near
The spell of mystic music chains the ear ;
All Nature, from her bosom pouring forth
Sounds such as make a Temple of the earth,
Returns in one full stream of harmony
The angel-echoes that she hears on high—

Beautiful Summer ! fling thy crown of flowers
O'er this dull earth through winter's weary hours ;
Let them not fade—oh ! let not sere and blight
Darken thy prism'd couch with shade of Night ;
Let not thy music ever break its spell,
Like heaven-bound pilgrim bidding earth “ Farewell !”
Oh ! silence not thy music,—let thy flowers
Be earth's bright stars responding to the skies ;
Wreathing her graves with those immortal bowers
Thy rosy hand 'twined 'round the Dead in Paradise !

Oh ! not a vision here but it must pass
Like our own image from Life's spectre-glass ,
Summer is faded, and the Autumn sere
Gathers the fallen leaves upon her bier,
And, like the venom'd breath of the Simoom
That turns Zahara's desert to a tomb,
Breathes on the buried Summer's shrined abode,
And leaves a spectre what she found—a God !
'Tis thus, ye woods ! your melancholy tale
Hath more of Truth than rose and lily pale,
When the bright glories of the summer vie
To make the earth a mirror of the sky.
In Autumn's time-worn volume do we read
The sacred moral—All things earthly fade ;
And trace upon the page of every leaf
That first and latest human lesson—grief !

But hark ! that dreary blast that rolls
Like heart-wrung wailings of unburied souls,
 'Tis the winter's breath
 That comes from the land of Death
Where the Arctic fetters the main ;
 Like the lightning it darts
 When its meteor parts
And dissolves, like the cloud in rain ;
 And now pale Winter cometh frore
 From the dark North's drear and lifeless shore ;
 And round his form, trembling and old,
 Hangs his snow-robe in drifting fold,
As that ye see on the mountain-height,
Like Death asleep in the calm moonlight—
His diadem gleams with the icicle bright,
And his sceptre of ice to destroy and to smite ;
Like a monarch he sweeps from the mount to the vale,
In his chariot that glistens with hoar-frost and hail ;
His palace the iceberg adorned with spars,
Like a wandering heaven all fretted with stars.

Temples of eldest Nature, fare-ye-well !
Cathedrals God-made ! ye whose incense streams,
 Like Adoration's Soul
At sound of matin or of vesper-bell,
 When choiring harmonies roll
 'Mid the organ's swell,

And Heaven reveals itself to Worship's dreams—
Farewell ! ye Temples, pil'd and arch'd by Him
Whose praise for aye shall echo 'mid your tracery dim,
Not dark ; for while the Sun looks down,
Image of God's fadeless crown,
Or, while the holy Moon
Lights up her cresset for the midnight-noon,
Upon your shrines shall burn that holy ray,
Earth's foretaste of a distant—endless day !
Holy of Holies ! bar'd to Man, adieu !
When Nature consecrates the heart—that heart's with
You !

N A P O L E O N .

'TILL rose thy star we did but deem
The ancient day a mythic story ;
Ambition's self an idle dream
Emblazoned by the hand of Glory !
Vainly we trace the classic page,
Of Greece and Rome, to find but one
As gloriously that stamped his age,
As thou, Napoleon, didst thine own ;
And though thy reign be *Vision* now,
The laurels still are fadeless on thy brow !
Thou taught'st mankind to break the chain
That bound the soul for ages long ;

“The Right Divine” of kings to reign,
And lash, like beasts, the herdlike throng ;
Thy Right Divine was that of Mind,
The only Right that God e’er gave
To conquer nations, or to bind
With fetters down the willing slave ;
Thy sword thy sceptre ; Mind thy throne ;
Plebeian—Emperor—thou stand’st alone !

We rank thee not with kings by *birth*,
Those craven wretches who have made
A wilderness of God’s fair earth,
And lust and tyranny a trade ;
But with the mighty—men who build
Their thrones in human hearts and minds—
Thrones that, though shaken, never yield
To Time’s dark, sweeping waves and winds ;
A cloud may drive across the plains,
The mountain disappear,—it *still* remains !

Successor of proud Charlemagne,
Who wor’st the Lombard’s iron crown,
Whose eagles over Europe’s plain
Trampled her dotard monarchs down,
Down to thy footstool ; thou wert born
To harness nations to thy car,
Make *gilded* majesty a scorn
To one whose only Right was war—

Is it a dream, so quickly past,
And is the star thou trustedst, set at last?

How oft doth History consecrate
The imbecile—the kingly shade,
With the vain—vaunting title—“Great;”
Flattering where she should upbraid!
But when she calls *thee* great, we know
She flatters not, for there we see
Graven upon thy kingly brow,
The characters of majesty—

Not crowns make kings, but God’s own hand
Moulds mind and soul to conquer and command.

Bravely they fought at Marathon,
And proudly too Themistocles
Wore the bright trophies that he won
As master of the Grecian seas;
But these were solitary stars,
That rose, and sank ere full in view,
And not the undying blaze *thy* wars,
From Arcola to Waterloo,
Enkindled; making earth a pile,
Monarchs thy captives, and a world thy spoil!

Vainly we give the title—“Great”
To him of conquering Macedon;
Birth gave him that *thou* didst create,
Inheriting what thou hast won—

Kingdom and host thou calledst forth,
And, like the fable that we read,
Thou stamp'dst thine iron foot to earth
And armies rose beneath thy tread—
Creator ! oh, couldst thou not save
One little fragment from thy kingdom's grave ?

What ! of an empire vast that knew
No bounds save those Ambition gave,
That spread where'er her eagles flew
From Spain even to Egypt's wave,
Is there not one, but one of all
Wrought by thy monumental mind,
That, like the sun, or ere he fall,
Might leave some trace of light behind ?
Oh ! mockery, to think of Fame,
When only mould'ring Memory holds *thy* name ?

It was thy pride t'have raised amid
The Desert of the World, a throne
Might have outlived the Pyramid,
And laughed to scorn proud Babylon ;—
But these remain, and where art thou ?
Aye there, upon that rocky isle,
A crown of dust upon thy brow,
And Nations for thy funeral-pile !
Sun of Battle—Conqueror—King !
Shall *Matter* last, and *Mind* for aye take wing ?

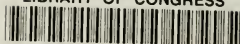
Where'er thy banners were unfurled,
Wherever charged thy battled might,
Thine eagles seemed to grasp a world
And image, in their meteor-flight,
The mighty mind whose soarings lent
Them wings to shadow earth and heaven,
What time the darkened firmament
Reeled to the shock of battle's leven,
Shrouding in gloom, all stars, save one,
Thy Star of Destiny—Napoleon !

Old History, as she looks adown
The crumbling heights of human Glory,
Chaunting o'er sceptre and o'er crown
Her Requiem sad—"Memento Mori !"
Writing in characters of Dust
The Chief of many a battle-field,
Letting his sword inglorious rust,
The sceptre, falchion, and the shield,
Hangs *thine* within her armory
Bright emblems of a name can never die !





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